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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MR. CHURCHILL'S little game of "tripping up Sam" (to quote Mr. Amery's elegant rendering from the Latin) has failed because his political animus was obvious and because no one very much minds even if the Select Committee did depart from the rigid rules of a strictly judicial body. No one except Mr. Churchill has ever, as far as we know, imagined that the members of a Select Committee, subject as it is to every kind of political and newspaper pressure, was to be compared with a "tribunal of judges." And even though, as Lord Hugh Cecil suggested, abuses can occur from a lack of definition, no one will want the functions of a Select Committee rigidly defined. We share Mr. Churchill's desire to see the documents published, but since he agrees that they should not all be published, and since incomplete publication would satisfy no one, we must bear with the disappointment. Clearly the Manchester Chamber of Commerce changed its evidence mainly as a result of its Indian mission. That Sir Samuel Hoare and Lord Derby also played a part in the change is equally clear. But it does not seem to matter very much.

The Geneva Compromise

The collapse of the Disarmament Conference was staved off by the compromise reached at Geneva last week. About this compromise opinions differed; in France it was claimed as a victory, others regarded it as a set-back for the French policy, the German comment in general was "plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." But these speculations are not much to the point; the Conference still holds together, and what remains to be seen is whether common sense and the pressure of events will at last effect some harmony of opposing views and aims. There are to be more committees to continue the examination of vexed questions—security, "guarantees of execution," supervision, air forces and traffic in arms. The "French group" will doubtless concentrate its attention on security and mutual assistance pacts, in which, it is pretty clear, the British Government has no intention of being involved. On the other side, efforts to get Germany back will, we hope, be pursued with all seriousness. Germany's return is of vital importance. The prospects, to judge by reports from Berlin, did not look very favourable at the beginning of this week; but the meeting of Hitler and Mussolini may help.

The Dictators' Meeting

Though this meeting between the two dictators is, of course, not concerned solely or primarily with Germany's return to Geneva, the disarmament and security problem can hardly fail to bulk large in their conversations. There is an obvious sympathy between the German and Italian regimes, since both are based on the same political ideal, and Hitler is bound to be in more senses than one the

disciple of Mussolini. Isolated as they are the Germans must cling to Italy and are likely to be strongly influenced by the Duce's advice. What exactly that advice will be is not certain. But it is pretty clear that, though the Duce does not dissemble his contempt for the League of Nations, he is not disposed to abandon it, and it is, in fact, in his own interest to have the Germans inside rather than outside. Under a European system of alliances, in which Germany was encircled, and from which Great Britain holds aloof, Italy would be left in a difficult position. The one serious issue between the Nazis and the Fascists is, of course, Austria. The Germans have not abated their claim to absorb Austria, but they have shelved it temporarily, and it will hardly need much argument from Mussolini to persuade Hitler that it will have to be kept on the shelf for the present. Whether he will be persuaded to discourage the Nazi terrorists, who are again active in Austria, remains to be seen.

The Nazis' Domestic Troubles

Meanwhile Hitler has plenty of anxieties to keep him busy at home. The financial situation of the country is perilous, and there are perpetual rumours that the section of the German Government that wants to devaluate the mark is about to get its way. Official announcements about the reduction of unemployment are not very comforting, in view of the childish devices for putting people into jobs by taking others out of them, and of the general reduction of wages. The battle with the Church is not yet over. The Nazi party itself and the armed forces on which it depends are showing serious signs of disunity. The internal struggle between Right and Left becomes more marked. The S.A. and the Hitler Youth organisation are in full cry against the "bourgeois reaction" and the Stahlhelm which they denounce as its main support. The S.A.s themselves are a heavy burden on the State, and the possibility of many of them having to be paid off after their present "holiday" has to be reckoned with. Disbanded warriors without jobs to keep them busy are apt, as history teaches us, to be a danger to the body politic. In all these circumstances a new stunt on the part of the Government may be looked for. Austria seems unlikely to serve the purpose adequately, and Jew baiting, lately increased, is rather *vieux jeu*. Another possibility is some socialistic measures designed to titillate the Left without unduly upsetting the Right. But there is no sign that Hitler has the power to remedy the present discontents. He can only divert attention from them. And how long will he be able to do even that?

Russia and the Little Entente

Czechoslovakia and Rumania have now given *de jure* recognition to the Soviet Union, and the other partner in the Little Entente, Jugoslavia, is expected to follow suit very shortly. This will leave Switzerland and Holland alone in their refusal to resume normal diplomatic relations with Russia. It is an event of great significance in European politics. It settles the long standing dispute over Bessarabia, which though occupied by Rumania was claimed (and justly claimed, in our view) by Russia. The claim is now in effect renounced, and what was once—and might have been again—a cause of serious conflict is happily removed. In its larger aspect the recognition of the U.S.S.R. by the Little Entente may be regarded as a preliminary step to Russian membership of the League, and to a pact of mutual assistance in East Europe, stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Here indeed is an astonishing change from the position of ten or a dozen years ago, when Russia was an outcast with no friends but the Turks and the Germans—suspect by all, feared by many, and herself in perpetual dread of attack. It is certainly a change on which the Russians can plume themselves—though some of the straitest sect of the Communists may feel uncomfortable at thus making to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Whether the rest of us can sleep easier o' nights now that the Nazi has succeeded the Bolshevik as Public Enemy No. 1 is another question.

President Roosevelt Puts It Back on Us

The American reply to the British note about war debts opens a new chapter by making the definite suggestion that payment may be made, at any rate partly, in goods instead of money, so as to avoid the difficulty of transfer. This is worth following up; but does it really avoid the difficulty? Not unless the imports which America is prepared to receive in payment are really additional imports over and above what would have been bought in the ordinary way of trade; for otherwise how are American exports to be paid for, when the goods normally given in exchange for them have to be sent in free? It will hardly please the American exporters if America gets so much rubber and tin for nothing that no one can afford to buy her cotton or her wheat—nor would such a situation contribute to the revival of American agricultural prices or to the tranquillity of the American farmers. To have pushed the discussion from the plane of cash payment to that of payment in kind is an advance in realism; but it is not a solution of the problem. Moreover, there still remains the snag that any debt settlement must pass Congress, and that under the Johnson Act, while the debtors are not compelled to pay up arrears in order to escape default, nothing less than the whole of the current instalment can be accepted. President Roosevelt has pushed the problem back to us, by asking us to make proposals; he has given us no real hope that Congress will accept any solution we are in a position to offer.

The I.L.O. Drafts a Convention

The International Labour Conference at Geneva has reached the stage of drawing up an actual Draft Convention for the forty-hour working week. This has been done in face of the strong opposition of the employers' group—except the Italian employer, who dutifully supports his Government. The British Government is also strongly opposing the Convention, nominally on the ground that, as it contains no adequate safeguards against reductions in wages, it would be likely, in fact, to serve merely as a means of securing unemployment pay by spreading the available work over a larger number of workers. The British Government insists that the adoption of the Convention would be certain to raise relative wage-costs in the higher wage countries, and thus to reduce their competitive power. It is, of course, impossible to deny that there is substance in these charges;

but surely the appropriate remedy would be to strengthen the safeguards against wage-cuts rather than to oppose the Convention altogether. Moreover, if it were really likely to be so great a boon to the industrialists in the more backward countries, the entire employers' group would hardly be found in united opposition, or the entire workers' group in support. The real difficulty lies rather in the absence of Germany, Japan and the United States from the I.L.O. (though there are renewed rumours just now that the United States may join at last), and in the intransigent opposition of the British Government, which, in this as in other matters, is content to follow faithfully the employers' lead.

The Wheat Dispute

The world wheat agreement seems to be in serious jeopardy. The Americans, and the other countries which have suffered from the drought, want to use the opportunity to work off their accumulated stocks with the protection of an agreed scale of minimum prices. The Argentine, which had a bumper harvest last year, wants permission to exceed the quota of exports allowed to her under the agreement (she has, indeed, already begun to exceed it without permission). The Argentine producers argue that, if the niggardliness of Nature in one area is used as an argument for revising the agreement so as to enable stocks from that area to be worked off, the bounty of Nature in another area ought equally to be taken into account. The Argentine had a magnificent harvest last year, and has large stocks to get rid of. She objects to having to hold them while the Canadians, Americans and Australians work off their older surpluses. Probably the dispute will be adjusted, and the agreement will remain somehow in force; but the affair well illustrates the difficulty attending restriction schemes of this sort applied to natural products of highly variable and uncertain yield. There is, of course, no question in any case of a world shortage of wheat; the matter in dispute relates to the conflicting desires of the various producing countries to work off their stocks and to their differences over the maintenance of agreed prices. Soviet Russia remains an uncertain factor; there are still widely divergent reports about the damage done to the crops in Eastern Europe and nearer Asia.

Better Milk and More Milk

The Milk Bill, which passed its second reading last week, has the laudable aim, as Mr. Elliot put it, of increasing the consumption of clean liquid milk in this country. That aim the Marketing Board scheme, as it is at present operated, does little or nothing to achieve. But the Bill is also concerned with the drinking of more milk as well as better milk. The so-called "surplus" with which the Marketing Board has to deal is something like 180,000,000 gallons a year, and the main reason for that is not because nobody wants the stuff, but because a host of people cannot afford the price which the retailers demand for it—and of which, be it noted, less than half goes into the farmer's pocket. It is intended that a considerable portion of the total surplus shall be supplied to school children; that the Minister has promised, but whether the "reduced rates" at which it is to be supplied will be sufficiently reduced, and whether the total amount supplied will be adequate, remains to be seen. The Opposition were justified, we think, in attacking the Bill on the ground that by its method of subsidising milk products it would encourage the use of milk for those products instead of increasing to the fullest possible limits its liquid consumption. It has been shown that the consumption of milk among the poorer section of the working-class is less than half that in middle-class families.

Another Gentleman's Agreement?

With England's "back to the wall" (to quote the posters) Test Match, cricket is better newspaper copy than any political menace, and England's defeat at Nottingham looks like the beginning of a not very pleasant controversy. Not that the defeat itself was unexpected; several players were absent from the English side through injury; Walters had to take over the captaincy at the last moment and on his first appearance in a Test Match, and the luck of the toss enabled the Australians to make the most of their superior team-work. England's bright spot was the bowling of Farnes, and it is clear that while the Australians have won this match by their slow bowling our own chances will depend on fast bowling—and particularly on Larwood. Why was Larwood not playing? Has the non-inclusion in the team of Larwood and Jardine, who were jointly so largely responsible for the success of the English team in Australia, anything to do with the "gentleman's agreement" about leg-side tactics and body-line bowling? In any case there is certain to be a loud demand for Larwood's inclusion in the next Test team. If he is asked to bowl on condition that he does not use "body-line tactics" the situation will be quite absurd and no one will be surprised if he refuses to play. Altogether a charming opportunity of controversy about what is and what is not cricket, and when a gentleman's agreement is really gentlemanly.

Next Week's Paper

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be a Summer Reading number. The contents will include a story by Brian Guinness and special reviews of fiction, detective novels and thrillers, as well as books on travel and the country. Among the contributors will be H. E. Bates, Raymond Mortimer, Leonard Woolf, Ralph Wright, G. W. Stonier, Julia Strachey, Peter Quennell, Donald Carswell, and V. S. Pritchett.

We also hope to publish the third of our series of articles on the future of money.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Change of Address

After Saturday, June 23rd, on which day the offices will be closed, our address will be

10 Great Turnstile,
High Holborn, W.C.1.

Telephone number at the new address will be HOLBORN 3216 (3 lines).

UNTIL FRIDAY, JUNE 22nd, all communications should be addressed as usual to 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, W.C.2. Telephone Holborn 3217.

THE BLACK ARMY

THE Olympia meeting has at least done this service—it has demonstrated the nature of the Fascist movement to thousands of people who had hitherto been ignorant of its intentions and methods. In considering what action should follow, the first thing is to summarise as objectively as possible the facts which are indisputable and the conclusions which are unavoidable. We have the testimony of people so little inclined to sympathise with Communist interrupters as Mr. Gerald Barry, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Parliamentary Secretary to Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Anstruther Gray and other Conservative Members of Parliament, that the interrupters were ejected with a degree of violence that was unnecessary, that was nauseating to watch, and quite novel in the traditions of English political life. The interrupters were not merely ejected; in a number of cases witnessed by Mr. Gerald Barry, the Rev. Dick Sheppard, and others, they were held by the arms and legs and kicked by the Fascists, or otherwise deliberately beaten up in the corridors outside the hall. Ignorance of what occurred in the corridors helps perhaps to explain the attitude of gentlemen like Mr. Beaumont, M.P., who suggest that the men who were thrown out "got no more than they deserved." How far weapons were used is still doubtful. Sir Oswald Mosley and the Rothermere press declare that some of the interrupters were armed with knuckle-dusters and razor-blades. We have not heard of instances of Fascists in the building receiving any injuries from weapons, and we believe that most people are as sceptical of their existence in the hands of the interrupters as we are ourselves. We have, however, the evidence, given in hospital to a *News-Chronicle* reporter, of a student of Sheffield University who is not a member of any political party and who was thrown violently over the balcony railings into the body of the hall by Blackshirt stewards. Mr. Miller reports that he was hit repeatedly on the head, at least once with a life-preserver. After the meeting one indiscreet member of Sir Oswald Mosley's force boasted of an ingenious device, which he asserted the stewards had been trained to use. It consists of pennies placed with their edges sticking out between the fingers of the clenched fist, with a pencil or other hard object behind the pennies within the fist. This is an effective and easily improvised weapon which disappears as soon as it has been used. Finally, apart from the selection of letters which we print this week, we have the testimony, published in the press, of a large number of citizens who had gone to the meeting in a spirit of inquiry, or possibly of sympathy for the Fascists. The consensus of their evidence supports Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd's outspoken remarks about Fascist "bullies and cads." Others, vehemently anti-Communist in sympathy, have said that they were forced into reluctant respect for the interrupters, who continued to make their solitary protests even though each of them knew they would be violently assaulted by a dozen or more blackshirts.

The British public, whatever its views about the anti-Socialism, anti-Parliamentarism and Jingo-Imperialism of Fascism, does quite sincerely and definitely dislike organised brutality. In view of the open determination of the Blackshirt movement to suppress, as other Fascist movements have done, all parties except its own and all opinions which are hostile or critical, there will be general agreement with Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd that Sir Oswald Mosley's claim to be defending free speech against a "Red Terror" is "sheer humbug." It is true that in some districts Communists have organised groups of interrupters who make meetings of other parties difficult or impossible. The regular interruptions from different parts of Olympia had clearly been organised, and no one will dispute that interrupters, if persistent, may be properly ejected. But an ability to deal with interrupters and to win the audience to his side has usually been considered a test of a good speaker in this country. Sir Oswald Mosley made no attempt to do this; he relied on a body-guard of some thousand or more Blackshirts to obtain him a hearing. Further, it should be noted, that a number of people were knocked about not for interrupting—indeed they were wholly disinterested parties—but for protesting when they saw a dozen men kicking one man on the ground.

There is a further and vital point. No one can understand the situation who does not realise that the methods of the Blackshirt movement are highly provocative to a large number of people who are not Communists. A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* on June 12th gave an example of a Blackshirt meeting at which he had been present in which entirely good-humoured hecklers were abused by a Fascist speaker as "lousy swine," "blowflies round a dunghill," and "scum of civilisation." The writer was driven to the conclusion that a deliberate effort was being made to incite the audience to violent retaliation. Most important of all, the wearing of a uniform, the existence of a private army which threatens to destroy the whole working class movement in England, as the Fascists have done in Italy and Germany, is in itself an incitement to violent resistance. This private army, which contains not only young converts to Fascism, but also "toughs" who appear to have been chosen for their physical strength and lack of scruples in using it, is directed not only against Communists, of whom there are only a few thousand all told in this country. It menaces, to judge by Fascist speeches, all pacifists, Socialists, Jews and internationalists, as well as all Labour organisations and all free institutions. Now in these circumstances it is a mistake to imagine that the anti-Fascist demonstrations which occurred outside Olympia and in numerous other places in the country were wholly or even mainly Communist. To a very large extent they were spontaneous exhibitions by a large body of English working-class men and women (with an undesired hooligan element thrown in) who hold, rightly or wrongly, that they cannot passively watch the growth of Fascism and who, whether organised by Communists or not, will certainly demonstrate against it as long as it is permitted to be organised on its present lines.

What follows? It does not need great perspicacity, nor even the example of Germany, to realise that to allow this Blackshirt army to grow and to hold larger and larger meetings, which will necessarily be more and more vigorously opposed and provoke increasingly vehement counter demonstrations, means civil war in England and the end of free institutions and of the rational conduct of politics. Both Sir John Gilmour's careful statement in the House of Commons and the joint memorial of the T.U.C. and the Labour Party show an appreciation of this

unpleasing prospect. But a policy of action is not so easy to formulate. One of the most disturbing features of the Olympia demonstration, as our correspondence columns show, was the attitude of the police towards the Fascists. The police explanation covers some but not all of the ground. Debarred from entering a meeting on private premises unless called upon by the chairman of the meeting to do so, they did not apparently consider that injuries inflicted upon interrupters within their sight on the steps of the hall amounted to "grievous bodily harm," which it is their duty to prevent at any time and in any place. One possible result is that the Public Meetings Act of 1908 will be amended to put the responsibility for keeping order at political meetings upon the police authorities. This is very far from a solution of the problem and by no means certainly a desirable step. The demands on the police would be excessive and they would be more likely, particularly under the new "gentlemanly" organisation at Scotland Yard, to devote their attention to safeguarding meetings attended by well-dressed people with limousines —Fascist rallies always are so attended—than at more humbly attended gatherings. Neither Sir Oswald Mosley nor the Communists would in the least object to this arrangement. The Communists would be in the happy position of underlining their argument that the police are necessarily on the side of Fascism and that both the Government and the Fascists must be equally opposed. As it is, they can point to instances such as that reported from Plymouth on Wednesday, when, after a Fascist meeting, a Communist speaker was arrested for attempting to speak. We do not want a situation in which Fascist meetings are made sacrosanct by police protection while other parties have to manage as best they can. Though the Government may be forced, and may be right, to attempt to keep order by enlarging police powers in regard to public meetings, we believe that this course offers no solution. What is clear is that if it were not for Fascist violence and Fascist provocation the police could easily cope with any Communist excesses and that, as long as a private army is permitted in our midst, thousands of young men and women, by no means Communists at all, will be moved to oppose this show of violence by an equal show of violence. The only solution is to prohibit by law all private armies and political uniforms. There are difficulties of definition and difficulties of interpretation, but these have been surmounted with considerable success in Scandinavia and can be surmounted here, if the Government, the magistrates and the public have the will. Let us make no mistake. No increase in police powers will save England from the violence and disaster of Germany if private armies are once allowed to grow up in our midst.

POST OFFICE PROGRESS

THE forthcoming reductions in telephone charges which have been so eagerly seized upon as the central feature of Sir Kingsley Wood's speech on the Post Office Vote in Parliament are far less important than the underlying changes in policy of which they are but an incidental expression.

The Post Office is undergoing a process of transformation of an unusual and interesting kind. It was built up in the nineteenth century on the lines typical of Victorian capitalist democracy, and is the classic example of a nationalised service in the old-fashioned sense of the term. A political Minister was put in charge of the department, and made responsible to Parliament for every act of each of the 250,000 postal servants. The finances of the Post Office became part of the national Exchequer. Each week the Post Office handed over its gross receipts to the revenue authorities and each week the Exchequer doled out the amount required to meet current expenditure. The surplus went to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Treasury control asserted itself at every point.

Inside the Post Office an almost fantastic degree of centralisation was permitted to grow up, the absurdity of which increased with the development in recent decades of the technical services, such as the telegraph and the telephone. A tiny body of mandarins known as the Secretariat had come to assume a position which the Bridgeman Committee declared in 1932 to be without parallel in any other Government department. No executive department of the Post Office could give an instruction to another department, nor do anything in its own sphere, without authority from the Secretariat. This overweening autocracy not only failed to recognise the distinction between laying down the broad lines of administrative policy and the direction of every niggling detail of executive practice, but it also embodied the narrowest conception of the kind of knowledge and experience required to operate a vast public service undertaking such as the Post Office. The Secretariat was recruited entirely from the Administrative Class of the Civil Service; its members had virtually no contact with, or experience of, the work of the executive branches "in the field"; above all, the highly accomplished and often brilliantly successful men in charge of the engineering work, finance, the Savings Bank, the Money Order department, the legal and medical branches, and so forth, were rigidly excluded from participation in the divine authority of the Secretary's office. The result of all this, the Bridgeman Committee remarked, was "a certain aloofness and apparent indifference to the demands of the public."

Thus it came about that both Socialists and individualists were united in their criticism, if not condemnation, of the largest public service in the country. The attitude of the 295 Conservative members of the present House of Commons who addressed a memorial to the Prime Minister, and of Viscount Wolmer in his repeated attacks, had many features in common with the views expressed by Major Attlee in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and those held by the Union of Post Office Workers. Dislike of Treasury control and burdensome parliamentary intervention, an absence of consideration for the consumer of postal services on the one hand and for the Post Office employee on the other, a desire for greater flexibility and power of adaptation—these were the main features of the campaign for reform.

That campaign, it is important to observe, has been conspicuously successful. It forms a notable example of the creative power of public opinion in the sphere of public administration when the protagonists are willing to discuss the real issues at stake and not merely confuse the question with meaningless political catch-words.

The fundamental change which has been brought about by this enlightened public discussion is that what may be called (without disrespect to a well-meaning civil servant) the Murray regime at the Post Office is ended once for all. The dominating position which Sir Evelyn Murray occupied for so many years as Secretary to the Post Office will fortunately no longer be occupied either by him or by anyone else. It has been abolished, and its occupant transferred elsewhere. There will be from now onwards a functional Board for the purpose of making policy, presided over by the Postmaster-General and comprising the nine leading officials in the department. These include Colonel Banks, who holds the new post of Director-General, the Deputy Director-General, the extremely able Comptroller and Accountant-General (Sir Henry Bunbury), the Engineer-in-Chief, the Director of Telegraphs and Telephones, the newly appointed Director of Establishments and Personnel, the Director of Postal Services, and last but not least, the Public Relations Officer. Sir Stephen Tallents is the first

person to hold such a position in the government of this country. His appointment implies a significant recognition of the fact that the relations between the public and a great public utility service are not something to be ignored or taken for granted, but that they may be cultivated and improved in a manner beneficial both to the Post Office and to the mass of the citizens. Here again one may say that the public has forced the Post Office to realise the importance of public relations.

The technique of public relations is still in its cradle in this country, at any rate so far as the public service is concerned. Left to itself, the public almost inevitably drifts into an attitude of disparagement, cynicism, resentment or indifference towards even the most efficiently run service. How seldom does one hear a good word said for the excellent work of the Factory Inspectors, or the administration of contributory pensions or unemployment insurance. The tendency is even more clearly demonstrated in the case of the Post Office itself. There was, as I have already pointed out, a large volume of well-informed critical opinion directed towards the defects of Post Office administration. The virtues of the Post Office are many; but scarcely a word was ever said about them. The British postal service has for long been undoubtedly as good as any in the world, in speed, reliability and general efficiency. Yet who is conscious of it? The Post Office Savings Bank is exceptionally well run and much more up to date in its methods than any privately owned concern of the kind. Yet who knows or cares? The Post Office tube which runs beneath the London streets is a miracle of mechanical ingenuity and far-sighted planning. Yet how many Londoners are even aware of its existence?

The really vital element involved in Post Office administration is the question of sheer size; and this is a matter to which much attention should be given by those in favour of extensive measures of socialisation. All undertakings tend to resemble one another in certain ways as they become very large, for the simple reason that they have to face similar problems arising from the scale of their operations. The administration of the Post Office resembles that of the L.M.S. Railway, which is privately owned, far more closely than it does that of the British Museum, which is publicly owned. It is no accident that the L.M.S. Railway and the Post Office are both engaged at the present time in trying to humanise their relations with the public. The core of the problem is to reconcile individual treatment of the particular man, woman or child with consistent conduct towards large classes of the public; and to produce the illusion of a soul where none in fact exists.

In regard to finance no less than in relation to organisation, a revolutionary change has been made in the Post Office. Until this year every penny of the surplus (i.e., profit) went to the Exchequer. Now for the first time a limit has been set. An agreement has been made whereby the Post Office will pay to the Treasury a specified sum—it is fixed at £10,750,000 for the next three years—and will then retain any further amount which it may make in excess of that figure. The Post Office will thus no longer be a mere milch-cow for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but will be able to experiment and develop in various directions which would have previously been forbidden. In the current year £2,000,000 will be made available to the Postmaster-General, and although he will now be liable for certain pension payments (amounting to about £775,000) which would normally have been borne by the Exchequer, the balance at his disposal is a substantial sum which would previously have gone to the national revenue. Hence, among other things, the reduction in telephone charges.

It is true that the Postmaster-General will be expected to obtain the approval of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the manner in which he proposes to apply the additional surplus. But the Treasury point of view is likely to be far more liberal now that any decision which it takes will not affect the Post Office contribution to the Exchequer. In any case, the change will be psychologically stimulating to the Post Office; there are few things more depressing than to occupy the position of a muzzled ox grinding out the corn.

There are many matters which stand in need of attention or reform by the Post Office. Among them, for example, are the scandalously low wages paid to tens of thousands of full-time postmen and other grades; the subsidisation of the circular post; and the acceptance of press telegrams at uneconomic rates despite a large annual deficit on the telegraph service. The prospects of improvement in every department of Post Office work are, however, exceptionally favourable if the present attitude on the part of both the public and the Post Office can be maintained. The public is beginning to realise that there is room for praise as well as for blame. The Post Office has shown that it appreciates that there may be grounds for criticism as well as for complacency.

WILLIAM A. ROBSON

A LONDON DIARY

MR. MAXTON, who is one of the small Liberal and Labour group gallantly fighting the Disaffection Bill in Committee, made a good if paradoxical point when he said that under the "Search" Clause he could get his friend, Mr. George Buchanan, J.P., to issue to a constable a warrant to make a general search among all the documents in the possession of any of his political opponents. This clause is, in fact, so monstrous that some modification is, I think, certain. What troubles me more is that people may imagine that the amendments accepted by the Government have made the rest of the Bill innocuous. For instance, the Bill, as amended, still makes it criminal to possess or control a document that might seduce a soldier or sailor, a reservist or territorial, from his duty *or* allegiance, provided that it can be shown that the owner of the document *intends* to commit or abet its distribution amongst His Majesty's Forces. Note that the Attorney-General resisted an amendment to alter "duty or allegiance" to "duty and allegiance," which would have brought Clause I into harmony with the existing law. As Mr. Pritt pointed out to a large and representative conference called by the Council for Civil Liberties on Saturday, you have not now to seduce a soldier to mutiny to commit the offence—you are guilty of it if you try to make him neglect his duty by being late from leave by going to the pictures. Secondly, and far more important, in law a person is held to intend the natural consequences of his acts. Therefore, any article intended for publication in any newspaper or book or pamphlet distributed at large is *intended* to reach the troops. It follows that, in any time of stress when legal action is likely, it will be exceedingly risky for any political party, or newspaper or religious body with pacifist opinions to publish its point of view. The soldier is a voter, but he is not to hear pacifist arguments. As Mr. Pritt put it, the Government seem very anxious to "stop those people who go about stirring up peace."

* * *

The Zoo authorities are obviously not to blame for the tragedy that befell a man who climbed the railings round the lions' enclosure at Whipsnade. But seeing how many foolish people there are in the world, I think, as I thought last time I was at Whipsnade, that the staff of keepers is not sufficiently large. The Bostock lions looked so charming lying in the sun that I suppose the woman whose skin—or arm at least—I saved on that occasion thought that the authorities were spoofing when they put up large notices saying "these animals are dangerous." Or perhaps she was misled by the notice posted outside to the effect that someone had been very properly fined for throwing stones at the tigers in their pit. Maybe she thought the bars were to protect the animals from the savage humans. Anyway, she stood holding out meat in her hand as near as she could get to the inner bars. Now it did not need even my very small experience of handling lions in the London Zoo to know that this was a mistake. If you have someone with you whom the lions know, you can safely put meat into their cages and tickle and pat them as you would a dog. It's fun, and a lot of people do it every Sunday. But to hold out meat where the lion has to reach for it is to ask to have your arm grabbed, too. This seemed just about to

happen when I found a keeper to give her a hint. She was not a bit grateful.

* * *

In the foreword to a pamphlet on *Distribution in the Transitional Stage to Socialism*, by L. A. Benjamin (Gollancz, 6*d*.), Sir Stafford Cripps quotes the discerning remark of an American Socialist that "Politics is the gentle art of getting votes from the poor and campaign funds from the rich by promising to protect each from the other." This game, played by both sides in the past, no longer promises easy results, and it had the disadvantage of preventing any clear thinking about real issues. The political point of Mr. Benjamin's pamphlet —a careful piece of economic analysis—is that Socialists have unnecessarily frightened the middle-class by talk of confiscating property and creating equality of income while in fact any movement towards Socialism must mean a more equitable distribution of income on the basis of service rendered and a large increase in individual property. The Socialist works to give the means of production into the hands of the State, not the personal possessions needed for the enjoyment of life. The Russians who tried the complete equality idea at the beginning very soon dropped it, and if English Socialism really got a chance it would find its hands very full removing the control of the big capitalist and paying competent people adequate salaries—as even the Bolsheviks have learnt to do—to run industry under national ownership. Mr. Benjamin works out the point about distribution "according to service rendered" more fully than I have seen elsewhere.

* * *

At Blackpool last week Mr. F. Wilson, aged twenty-six, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for "loitering with intent." He had kept a diary describing day-to-day experience of being down and out—out of gaol with no chance of a job. The *Sunday Referee* quoted extracts from this diary—the twopence on Woodbines, the effort to sell his cuff-links so that he could get a shave, the decision that, since he "must not starve," he must "chance his arm to-night." This was apparently taken into account as evidence of his intent when loitering. The questions that overwhelm one after reading these extracts and his passionate appeal not to be sent back to prison, since "there is good left in me," are what in the world this man was supposed to do with himself, and what he is supposed to do when he comes out of prison. The best defence I can find for the magistrates who sent him to prison is that they had no other suggestions to make. The only comfort I see for him is that his case has now won some publicity, so that he stands a better chance than most of receiving help when he is released. But it's surely an odd way of running society to put a premium on crime as an inducement to charity.

* * *

The Liberal Summer School may be relied upon to provide some interesting items on its programme, and speakers who are worth hearing. The School will be held this year at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford, from August 2nd to 8th. It is open to men and women of all parties or of none, and the inclusive fee is 10*s*. (to be paid to the Secretary, Liberal Summer Schools, 48 Parliament Street, S.W.1). Amongst the subjects for discussion I notice money, housing, unemployment, various aspects of foreign affairs, the relations between Liberals and Labour, an "Alternative to Elliotism," and "Education for Democracy." This last is a matter on which Sir Ernest Simon and Miss Eva Hubbuch are organising a campaign, and with which, I believe, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION intends to deal very fully in the near future. The real question is how far it is possible, given the will, to reorganise the schools and their curriculums in such a way that we have a population capable of voting intelligently in a society so difficult, vast and complex as this one has become. The speakers include Sir Herbert Samuel, Lord Lothian, Sir Walter Layton, and Mr. Ramsay Muir, besides several Socialists such as Mr. A. L. Rowse and Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe.

About two years ago I gave some account in this column of the extraordinary restrictions imposed on the private as well as on the working life of employees in the Bata boot factory in Czechoslovakia. I see from the *Daily Herald* that the Bata Shoe Company now established at East Tilbury has brought these notions with it to this country. It is not only that no Trade Unionists are wanted, but also that a young applicant for a job is asked some fifty questions, including whether he is single, married, widower or divorced, why he left his last job and why he wants this one, what games he plays, whether he is an abstainer and non-smoker, what he does with his spare time, whether he is a member of any Trade Union, whether he knows any of the firm's workers (giving names) and, finally, what are his political views? He must sign this statement and get his parent or guardian to sign it too!

* * *

In his introduction to *Low and Terry* (Hutchinson, 5*s*.), W. W. Jacobs suggests that it "would be an excellent bedside book, but not for the victims of insomnia." Always ready to take a hint and being an excellent sleeper, I have been making the experiment of reading a chapter of Mr. Thoroughgood, illustrated by Low, in bed each night. It's a mistake. The book makes me laugh when I want to go to sleep and I have to sit up in bed to examine the *finesses* of Low's drawings. As a guide to English life—particularly to what is called the "London scene"—the book is unique. The facts recorded are not to be found in any reference book. There is much good incidental satire. All my sympathies are aroused by a picture of a laughing couple standing up silhouetted in a theatre. "What's all the row about behind us?" "Oh, just some silly asses wanting to see the show." I had just the same feeling not long ago when some people in the row behind me kept trying (unsuccessfully I admit), to see if they could talk louder than the orchestra could play Wagner. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to "Jupiter."

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Gt. Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

We have got to be top dog. Britain has got to have a bigger Air Force than any other nation. It is no good trying to parley with these foreign countries. These European nations don't cut much ice and if we are in a position to force them there will be none of these pettifogging squabbles in Europe.—Brig.-General Critchley speaking at Twickenham.

We particularly noticed that when the interrupters were women they were invariably dealt with by their own sex, an action of thoughtful courtesy on the part of the Blackshirts.—From a letter in the *Times*.

I have come to the conclusion that it is small, crowded places with low ceilings which make so many of our débutantes walk badly. In other words, "warren-living" is again to blame.—*Sunday Referee*.

Jackson, in his evidence, said that the police did not even speak to him in the way he was accustomed to being spoken to.

"They did not call me 'sir,' or anything," he said.—From report of police proceedings following Olympia meeting.

And just as the party was about to begin to eat, all the balloons suspended upon the roof were let down—and most of them fell on Lord Michelham's head, which, one noted, is not so bald as before, for he discovered a wonderful hair-restorer on his recent visit to New York.—*Daily Mail*.

Try to create a biographical model by taking an encyclopaedic mind, a pari-mutuel accuracy and a photographic memory, assemble these super-human qualities on the rigid chassis of economics, streamline with culture, and knit the whole with the bloodless glucose of statistics.—Sir Harold Bellman on Sir Josiah Stamp in *Everyman*.

Boys good at games, received at Half Fees, in a Minor Public School, with a splendid reputation for work and sport.—Advert. in the *Daily Telegraph.*

On the understanding that no clock is to exceed 24 hours, most of us will soon manage to remember that 23 is 11 p.m., and 24 midnight. —The Rev. R. P. Devas, Dominican Priory, Woodchester, Glos.—Letter in the *Times.*

Whenever he tasted liberty he simply took a look round and then committed a petty theft or some other offence which resulted in his prompt reincarnation and thus relieved him for a while of the trouble of taking care of his own material needs.—Article in *Sunday Times.*

Many people are muddle-headed about armament firms. They think that they, for financial reasons, would welcome war. As a matter of fact wars are ruinous to armament firms.—Viscount Castlerosse in *Sunday Express.*

When a woman complained to the Willesden magistrate that her husband gave her no money, but only kept her, the magistrate said there was no law to make a husband give his wife money. All he could be compelled to do was to provide her with a home and reasonable food and clothing. The wife: Then he can take another woman out with his money and give me none? The magistrate: That is the law.—Report in daily paper.

On Saturday the booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland and the Sewage Purification Engineers visited the Spa and were taken through the gardens and bathing establishment.—Provincial newspaper.

Ashford's Biggest Builders live on an estate that will provide protection for your dependents in the future. *A bomb and gas proof dugout now in course of construction* that will offer safety to every resident.—Advert. in *Evening News.*

While counsel was addressing the jury in a criminal charge at Oxford Assizes yesterday a slip of paper bearing the result of the Derby was brought into court and passed among others to one of the prisoners who is a commission agent.—*Manchester Guardian.*

The rider of Caractacus did little after as a jockey, dying in 1907. In the last years of his life he was known as a respectable hard-working man.—*Times.*

Before the organisation of the Black Shirt movement free speech did not exist in this country.—Sir Oswald Mosley.

THE POPULATION QUESTION RESTATED

WHEN Malthus proclaimed his celebrated Law, he was justified by the evidence available. In the light of contemporary knowledge, the same defence cannot be offered to-day for those who continue pontifically to mutter his formula. Man's material environment may well have seemed in the eighteenth century to be, though slowly modifiable, 90 per cent. determined by forces outside human control. In the last century and a quarter, however, applied science has moved at a pace unpredictable by its earlier apostles. Every year man becomes more and more remotely dependent on the physical legacy which extra-human Nature bestowed on him. Less and less has he to rely on the services of his animal and vegetable symbiotes for the conversion into utilisable materials of the inorganic elements of which the earth is mainly composed. No longer is he dependent on organic matter for his nitrogen, on animal fats for his illumination, on silkworms for his silk, or on horses for his transport. Although the population of the world has never been so great as to-day, the statesmen of nearly every country are preoccupied with schemes for destroying, or limiting the production of, foods and materials which human intelligence, in co-operation with Nature, has, so it is said, caused to exist in too great abundance; and our power of bringing into existence commodities utilisable by man is still rapidly growing. Our Malthusian Cassandras, however, warn us that population will yet go on increasing, whilst Nature sets a final limit to potential scientific advance.

Contemporary facts are unkind to these prophets of woe. Though it is true that in every country but two the crude birth-rate is still a little higher than the crude death rate, the population of nearly every country in Europe is already showing signs of decline. For, as Dr. Enid Charles, in a remarkable and highly important book just published,* makes clear, these crude figures need considering very carefully if we are to draw any inferences from them. At the present time, every four female children born in England and Wales leave on an average but three female descendants. In other words, if the present birth-rate continues, the number of potential mothers will diminish by one-quarter in every generation. No increase of longevity which hygienic science may effect can modify in the smallest degree the inevitable outcome of this trend towards sterility. At most, it might add a number of oldish people to the population of each decade, thus postponing by a few years the ultimate extinction of the race. Assuming that no further fall occurs in the birth-rate—an assumption, by the way, which has few facts to support it—Dr. Charles says that, once a stable age composition has been reached, the population of England and Wales will, in two hundred years, have fallen from 35,000,000 to 6,000,000—that is, to half the population of Greater London. Should, however, the net reproduction rate fall to two-thirds of its present figure, our total population would, in 300 years, drop to 45,000. In varying degrees, the population of most other European countries is tending rapidly in the same direction.

Altogether apart from economic considerations, many of us think that there are far too many people in the world—that, I suppose, is a matter of individual preference. Some of us may even feel indifferent as to the survival of European civilisation, or of the human species itself. In any case, it is desirable that we should make ourselves sufficiently familiar with the relevant facts to prevent us from talking a lot of nonsense, and from advocating measures calculated to lead to ends we do not desire. If we fail to realise the nature of the forces at work, it is idle to anticipate a sort of world Utopia, peopled by an ideal population, smaller than our present one, which, having reached the right stage of diminutiveness, will then remain practically static. Unless we understand the influences making for the decline, we shall not be in a position effectively to check it when the pace gets alarming.

To discover the causes making for infertility we shall have to probe deeply. Not only our social conventions and our systems of education will need to be examined but also the whole structure of our industrial life. An operation—as we were given to understand at a recent inquest—may be, from a narrow point of view, highly successful, yet may end in the death of the patient. If we want the race to survive, we shall have to look at the very foundation stones of our civilisation—our religion, our ideals, our basic notions of the purpose and meaning of human life.

The fact that those who achieve the greatest social and economic success in our community are the individuals with the lowest fertility rate is in itself of sinister import. Our educational system seems to have been devised for and by introverts; and introversion and infertility are intimately related. A well-known eugenist, Professor R. A. Fisher, has —somewhat ingenuously—warned his disciples that "the reformer must expect to encounter deep-seated opposition in the classes on which he would naturally rely for an intelligent anxiety for the future of their country, owing to the fact that many in these classes owe the social promotion of their forbears, and their present prosperity, less to the value of their services to society than to a congenital deficiency in their reproductive instincts." There can be no doubt that at present we are offering rewards to the infertile, and hardships and

**The Twilight of Parenthood.* By Enid Charles. Watts. 7s. 6d.

difficulties to the fertile. A stock-breeder who worked on these lines would soon find himself in Queer Street. So, obviously, may we. Personal prudence—which is, in fact, a sort of cowardice—has been raised to the highest rank among the practical virtues. The pursuit of momentary self-indulgence and the avoidance of responsibilities are natural consequences.

Marriage, with the conventions and religious and emotional associations that grew round it, has, until lately, served as a moderately effective means of carrying on the race, of securing the preservation of child life, and of providing a reasonably suitable environment for the emotional, intellectual and physical training of the next generation. Few impartial observers whose professional duties or other circumstances have brought them into close contact with the intimate realities of other people's lives will, I think, differ from me in concluding that marriage in the old sense is, for a growing number of sensitive people, an outworn institution. The old patriarchal type of family has served its purpose and had its day. Already the schools and other collective organisations have taken a very large measure of responsibility, and therefore of pride, from the fathers and mothers of our children. Industry is no longer carried on in the home; indeed, for millions of people the home has become nothing more than a sleeping-place. There is nothing impossible in a man and a woman living together for the whole of their lives, voluntarily and deliberately, regardless of convention, regardless of duty—bound together by no ties but those of affection and genuine mutual attraction. But such a phenomenon is a comparative rarity. It does not typify the union of the average married couple. "It is," said Dr. Johnson, "so far from being natural for a man and woman to live in a state of marriage that we find all the motives which they have for remaining in that connection and the restraints which civilised society imposes to prevent separation are hardly sufficient to keep them together." Let us recognise the fact that, as socially useful instruments, marriage and the family are getting worn out. It is high time that we began to devise alternative machinery to take their place, in the light of new circumstances, new intellectual capacities and new emotional demands. We need to remember that both occasional physiological sterility and the artificial sterility which an increasing number of people impose on themselves are of far less racial significance than is the emotional sterility and self-centredness for which our economic system, our schemes of education, and the debased religion which they have created are mainly responsible. HARRY ROBERTS

HATTERS ALL

"ENGLAND has gone cricket-mad," said a friend of mine this week with a look of comic despair. It surprised me to find that he did not realise that this was—at least, conceivably—a very good thing. All madness is a matter of degree, and cricket-madness seems to me several degrees nearer sanity than most other forms of madness. I had looked through a good many newspapers that morning, and, as I read the story of one sort of madness after another, I could not help wishing that human beings all the world over were more interested in cricket. Can anyone maintain, for instance, that an epidemic of cricket-madness in Austria would be anything but a blessing? Owing to the lack of interest in cricket, Austrian Nazis interrupted a performance of the Valkyrie in the Vienna Opera House on Saturday by treating the audience to a dose of tear gas. Anti-Wagnerites may contend that the tear-gas was no more excruciating than the music, and advocates of the earnest life may point out that the Nazis at least were young men who, instead of devoting themselves to frivolous pursuits, did what they did from profound conviction. I have no doubt a case could be made out for the Nazis: I have yet to hear of a destroyer of human comfort and happiness for whom some case cannot be made out. At the same time, I am absolutely convinced that the world would be better off if those admirable young men were buying up evening papers to read the latest cricket scores instead of expressing their idealism through the medium of tear-gas.

Nor can I think cricket an inferior game to the sport favoured by those other Austrian Nazis who prevented a swimming contest at a Jewish Athletic Club by pouring oil into the water and scattering nails round the swimming-pool. If they had only poured oil into the water it might have been argued that their action was due to a noble misunderstanding. To pour oil on water has always been regarded in the past as the act of a man of peace and good will, and it might reasonably have been thought that anyone who, knowing of the generally troubled waters in Austria at the present moment, could not see a piece of water without wishing to pour a little oil on it, was—in intention, at least—a pacifier. But how can we explain the nails? The nails, it seems to me, are not cricket, and I do not think they are as good as cricket.

Other incidents of idealistic sport reported from Austria during the week-end are the blowing-up of two railway-bridges, the bombing of a synagogue, the bombing of a hydro-electric plant, the bombing of a railway-station, and the killing of a gendarme. All these forms of sport, except gendarme-killing, have undoubtedly one point of superiority over cricket. They create a great deal more employment. They are of vast assistance to the building trade. Blow any city to pieces, and it is surprising what an amount of work will be needed to build it up again. There is much to be said for destruction merely on economic grounds so long as the money lasts. But the money never lasts for long. Even wars have to come to an end, if on no other grounds, on grounds of expense. The chief difference between bombing and cricket seems to be that, while bombing makes a few people happy and a lot of people miserable for a short time, cricket makes a few people miserable and a lot of people happy for ever. And those who are made miserable by cricket are under no compulsion to see it or read about it. Those who are made miserable by bombs, on the other hand, cannot always ignore them so easily.

When I turned from Austria to Spain in the newspaper, I could see no reason for deploring the fact that England was in the grip of cricket-mania instead of devoting herself to the political idealism so prevalent on the Continent. The first story that I read concerned a 16-year-old boy who was killed by a band of young Communists dressed in bathing suits at a fashionable bathing-place on the Manzanares, while three other youths were injured in the most brutal fashion. This did not strike me as being an improvement on old-fashioned aquatic sports. The theory hitherto accepted has been that in the water all men are equal—duke's son and cook's son, Liberal and Conservative, Trade Union leader and member of the I.L.P. Even the most nervous citizen has always felt safe in the presence of a man in a bathing suit. A man fully dressed may be a bandit, a kidnapper, a murderer, or what you like, and so is open to suspicion. But a bathing-place is the very headquarters of innocence. Even those who are most horrified by Mr. Lansbury's politics feel perfectly secure from the worst horrors of Bolshevism on Lansbury's Lido in Hyde Park. In certain parts of the Continent, however, it appears that the political idealism of these times does not hold even a bathing-place sacrosanct. The question arises whether a large proportion of the human young would not be a great deal better occupied with such games as cricket than with political idealism. Political idealism is like learning: you should drink deep or taste not. It is the first draught that is apt to go to the head.

On the same page of the newspaper that reported the news from Austria and Spain was the story of a young French officer who was shot for cowardice during the war. This, too, was a story of the madness of our unfortunate race. The young officer was in command of two machine-guns during a German attack in 1914. Four men of his section wished to surrender, but he refused, and persuaded them to continue to hold up the German advance till both guns were out of action. The Germans swept forward and then retired, leaving him

wounded in both legs. He was court-martialled, tied to a stretcher, propped against a tree and shot, protesting that one day his innocence would be established. His commanding-officer walked excitedly round before the execution, " shouting insults at the motionless man lying on his stretcher," and, when he asked for a chaplain, merely offered him a revolver to blow his brains out. The father of the dead officer has spent twenty years looking for evidence to prove his son's innocence, and the War Courts-Martial Appeal Court is to be asked to reverse the verdict. If the officer's innocence is proved, as seems likely, what an insane irony for the Army authorities first to shoot a man and then to declare him innocent twenty years later. I have sometimes wondered whether it is a more terrible fate for a coward to be shot for real cowardice or for a brave man to be shot for imaginary cowardice. The brave man is probably the happier of the two. But there can be no doubt that it is an insane world that shoots its brave men as cowards, and that the world loses its sanity in time of war even more than in time of peace.

The truth is, human beings will not be sane enough for centuries to come to be trusted with the task of killing each other, or even punishing each other, in hot blood. There is only a small minority of the sane who remain sane in all circumstances. If wars could be fought and directed exclusively by the sane minorities in the various nations, there might be something to be said for them. As it is, however, it is difficult to imagine any future war which would not be carried on in the same insane spirit as the bombing of synagogues and murder at bathing-places. All these things are simply evidence of a disturbed and overheated brain that cannot decide what it is best to do with this life of ours on the planet and, bursting with incapacity, explodes into violent and destructive action. In all of them we see idealism trying to use pugnacity for its own purposes and pugnacity trying to use idealism for its own purposes, and in the end the whole thing has as little reason as a fight between all the dogs and all the cats of Christendom.

Hence, it seems to me that the majority of human beings are doing far more good both to themselves and to other people by engaging in the pugnacities of the cricket-field than in the deadlier pugnacities that have become so common in the modern world. In cricket you can beat your opponents without using knuckle-dusters on them. If a wicket-keeper interrupts by shouting " How zat? " the opposing team do not immediately rush on to the field and frog-march him out of the ground. Cricket has its spells of bitterness, but, on the whole, it enables men to forget their troubles and their hatreds, and the man who has forgotten his troubles and his hatreds is a considerable way on the road towards happiness. He may be mad, but he is innocently and amiably—even if boringly—mad. The cricket enthusiast may be justly described as a harmless lunatic. If all the other lunatics—and a good many of us are in some respects lunatics—were as harmless as he, what a happy Europe we should have in another five years! Y. Y.

THE ARYAN AND THE ARTISTS

Dr. Goebbels " declared that the principle of authoritative leadership will define the range within which the artist is to move."—TIMES, June 5th. *Everything is dominated by one word,* Weltanschauung, *which may mean one's " idea of life " or " world-attitude."*—TIMES, June 12th.

IN the book of the prophet Kipling it is written in words of flame
That " no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star
Shall paint the things as he sees them, for the God of things as they are."

But newer prophets have risen, and Dr. Goebbels lets fall
A hint of a new Valhalla, where no one shall work at all
Except at the mass-production, on canvas or stage or screen,
Of something called *Weltanschauung*, or " world-thought-by-Hitler-seen."

Then those that are good shall be guarded; they shall work to a set design,
With none to tempt them to license in colour or form or line.
They shall hear no babble of " values," or " self-expression," or " art,"
For the merit of all true *Kultur* lies deep in the racial heart.

And only the State shall inspire them, and only the State shall maintain;
And no one shall vaunt his visions, and no one shall use his brain;
But each shall wait for his orders, and each with his Aryan hands
Shall paint the things he is told to, as Dr. Goebbels commands.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

THE MOSLEY MEETING

[We publish a representative selection from the correspondence sent to us on this subject.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—A man who had been arrested outside Olympia on Thursday is reported in the *Times* as having explained in Court that " five Blackshirts assaulted and violently threw a young man down some steps. His wife held one Blackshirt while he held another," and so forth. The Magistrate, fining him £4, is reported to have said, " It may be that altogether excessive and indefensible violence was used in ejecting people from Olympia. . . . But you should know that it is quite impossible to allow individuals to take the law into their own hands."

I am puzzled. I thought that, so far from individuals being forbidden to take action to prevent a violent assault, they were positively enjoined by the law to do so. I believe the law on this point is tricky, but the Magistrate's statement of it appears, to say the least, inadequate and misleading. This is an important matter which deeply affects the relations between the citizen and the police. Could you not give publicity to an expert pronouncement on the true state of the case and on the possible consequences of a misunderstanding? T. H. MARSHALL

14 Warwick Avenue, W.2.

[Kenny's *Outlines of Criminal Law* (p. 449) states that—" a private person may arrest any person who in his presence commits a treason, felony or dangerous wounding. The law does not merely permit but requires the citizen to do his best to arrest such a criminal." " Every private citizen has also the right to prevent such crimes by seizing any man who is about to commit a treason or felony, *or even a breach of the peace* and detaining him temporarily until the danger is over."—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—The reports—none of them exaggerated—of the meeting at Olympia last Thursday have all overlooked what seems to be the most glaring case for investigation. I refer to the complete abstention of the police from interference in the bestial proceedings.

Whilst it is true that in the ordinary expulsion of hecklers or interrupters from a political meeting no one wishes the police to intervene, the position in this case is entirely different. One incident suffices to illustrate the serious nature of their behaviour. I was walking down Blythe Road to the south of Olympia, where police were standing shoulder to shoulder across the closed iron gates of the exit. The gates were opened, and the spectators on the opposite side of the road could see inside one man being viciously beaten and kicked by a dozen or more Blackshirts. Presently the victim was hurled out of the gate in a semi-conscious condition, his face almost pulp and a large gash in his neck. Blood was pouring freely from his face and neck. He staggered across the road, and as he did so the police obligingly closed the iron gates. A number of the spectators rushed across to the police and asked

why they did not make an arrest for this aggravated assault. The police told us to keep quiet. We offered our services in the appropriation of the perpetrators—as by law good citizens, witnesses of the commission of a crime, are obliged to do. We called upon the police to do their duty, and were threatened with arrest. Shortly after, mounted police drove us back to the other side of the road, the injured man being half-carried, half-dragged from the horses' feet by a few spectators. What makes the whole proceeding tragically ironical was that one of our number, a young man, was arrested and subsequently charged and fined for "obstructing the police in the execution of their duty"!

Later in the evening, during conversation with police officers at a local station, the arrested man was informed by one constable that they had received instructions "on no account to interfere with the Blackshirts."

If this practice is to continue, the possibility of freedom at political meetings is gone. Anything, we must assume, even murder, may go on inside the hall, but the latest order from Scotland Yard makes police intervention against the execution of duty. It was practically impossible to leave Olympia without molestation by Blackshirts in some form or other—by being shadowed or shouted at. Although these exhibitions and excesses are likely to do the Blackshirt movement infinite harm, the fact remains that we do have a police force for the purpose of preventing assaults on the person in public and private places and the maintenance of order generally.

One thing is quite definite. Those who still think something of personal liberty must protest and continue protesting until this scandal of the behaviour of the police last Thursday at Olympia is cleared up, for the incident which I witnessed in Blythe Road was in no way an isolated one. All round Olympia ample proof was forthcoming that in obeying the order of "Hands off the Blackshirts," the police were exemplary.

If the police refuse to keep order and restrain thugs, the suggested organisation of a force of young men ready and willing to prevent the maltreatment of men and women at meetings seems to be one to which every right thinking person should subscribe.

20 Brunswick Square, W.C.1. RICHARD JEFFERIES

SIR,—In view of allegations which have recently been made as to the methods of certain political parties, it is interesting to note that the law provides a civil remedy against persons responsible for assaults—an action for damages. An assault may be justified in certain circumstances, but in no case will it be justified when more force is used than is reasonably necessary. Thus, it is not yet a principle of English law that one is justified in maintaining the right of free speech by kicking a man while he's down.

There are circumstances in which one may be held responsible for assaults actually carried out by others. Thus, any organisation which maintained a private army, dressed in its own private livery, and paid by or otherwise subject to the orders of the organisation would be responsible for assaults committed in accordance with such orders. And any person actually giving such orders would equally be responsible to the extent of his own private fortune. In any action against any such organisation or person interesting questions might arise as to the sources of their funds, the method of their administration, and the payment (if any) of their servants. If it were necessary for the proper determination of any such question the court would order discovery of the relevant documents and accounts, and full disclosure thereof.

It might be that several persons, assaulted in similar circumstances by the servants of the same organisation or similar organisations, would wish to bring actions in respect of the loss and damage and pain and suffering they had sustained, while each one was too poor to do so alone. If this were so their common interest in fighting out the common questions and fact and law would justify their combining together and forming an association for the purpose of testing and maintaining their rights.

London, E.C.1. P. R. KIMBER

SIR,—Having just completed a round tour of the country, I have seen in every place of importance individuals wearing blackshirts, but quiet, well-behaved, and to all appearance members of the "respectable" class. According to report, it seems that when these people act together it is with methods the reverse of quiet, well-behaved and respectable. What has to be looked into, then, and dealt with is not the fashion of wearing shirts, black or otherwise, but the motives of those who are organising the habit.

Sir Oswald Mosley, at a meeting a year ago in the National Liberal Club, justified the shirt-wearing to a mainly hostile audience on the ground that it implied discipline and—as in the case of the Scouts—was somehow good for the class enrolled. As we have a League of Young Liberals, none of us would very much object if its members wore on occasion some distinguishing badge, even some distinguishing shirt or hat. But that would be because we know the wearers to have no motive of immediate or ultimate violence.

It seems necessary to test the Fascist doctrine on its political merits before we merely strip Fascists of their shirts. Is Fascism a constitutional or an anti-constitutional creed? Liberals disagree with, say, Communism, but have no objection to its principles being disseminated by the ordinary processes. If Communism attained parliamentary strength, we would have to face the possibility one day of that strength being used to abolish Parliament. If, however, Communism attempted to overthrow Parliament by organised force, Liberals would use the present law to suppress it.

Sir Oswald Mosley should be called on to declare whether his Fascism is within or without the constitution. If without, then his organisation, and its uniform, should be dealt with in the legal way. As several people have pointed out, if young men think that the patriotic cause is in danger, and needs defence, the ranks of His Majesty's forces are open to their enlistment, either as regulars, as territorials, or as police. VIVIAN CARTER

Sunnybank, Woodcote Valley Road, Purley.

SIR,—May I express my gratitude to, and admiration for, those who, by their gallant self-sacrifice last Thursday, brought home to the tolerant British public what British Fascism really represents?

I am a Socialist, but even were I not I could not fail to appreciate the courage of those who, knowing full well the barbarous punishment that awaited them, dared to rise at Olympia and testify to their faith. Their heroism surely gives the lie to those who argue that Socialism and Pacifism render the race unmanly.

18 Acacia Road, N.W.8. EDGAR P. YOUNG, Lieut.-Commander, R.N. Retd.

SIR,—We, members of the Society of Friends, claiming to be "Britons worthy of the name," strongly deplore these words of Sir Oswald Mosley's in a broadcast statement following the Fascist demonstration at Olympia on June 7th:—

> But when we are attacked we hit back and hit hard and so would any Britons worthy of the name.

As Christians we do not believe in any such principle of retaliation, and appeal to our fellow-Britons to substitute for this method of meeting opposition the more courageous method of brotherly love.

On behalf of the London Young Friends Group,
Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. F. A. ROBINSON, Clerk.

SIR,—Extraordinary scenes of brutality at Olympia are attested by a number of responsible witnesses. I should therefore like to appeal through your columns to the actual victims of assault and to eye witnesses, to furnish my Council with authentic records of unnecessary violence on the part of Fascist stewards.

We have been conducting throughout the country a vigorous campaign in defence of civil rights, and our activities have been by no means confined to organising opposition to the Incitement to Disaffection Bill.

The records which we desire to obtain regarding violence at Olympia are, as I have said, those furnished by responsible eye-witnesses, and such statements should clearly be of such a nature that their accuracy can be sworn to in an affidavit. We invite all those who care for the preservation of civil liberty to write to us for further particulars of our organisation, and to enrol as associate members. RONALD KIDD, Secretary

The Council for Civil Liberties,
3 Dansey Place,
London, W.1.

FREE SPEECH IN BRAINTREE

SIR,—In his animadversions on the action of the police in forbidding meetings around the Fountain in the Square, "Critic" omitted to state that meetings can be held at the side of the same Square, out of the line of traffic; and meetings of unemployed, Fascists and others have been held there recently. In order to

facilitate such gatherings the U.D. Council have erected an additional lamp standard. There is, therefore, no need to fear the extinction of free speech in this progressive little town. I hope this will reassure "Critic." HENRY LEWIS

Braintree

["Critic" writes: "Not at all. My point was that the magistrates' decision in effect gives *carte blanche* to the police to stop any meeting at any time they desire. I am not surprised to hear that Fascist meetings and others have been allowed."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE AMERICAN DEBT

SIR,—The analogy you draw in last week's issue between the American debt question and the matter of the Irish Annuities is amazingly inaccurate. The simplest way to do this is to try to put a parallel case.

Supposing that you, Mr. Editor, had bought your house with the help of a Building Society and that as a consequence you had to pay certain annual instalments to the Society until the purchase was completed. For convenience we will assume that the Building Society employed either a local solicitor or some other person in the district to collect those instalments. Suddenly after some years this local individual had a row with the Building Society and announced that in future he would continue to collect the annuities but would refuse to send them on to the Society and would apply them for his own purposes. Would you consider that proceeding honest?

I would point out that this is an almost exactly parallel case, and that in fact the Irish farmers are in the majority of cases still paying just exactly what they paid before, but the money instead of being sent to the people who advanced it is now being used for bolstering up De Valera's Government and its finances.

This is an entirely different proposition to the question of the American debt, and if you read the American papers at all you would see that the bulk of them are well aware of this. I read only the other day a very full statement in one New York paper showing how in point of fact the prices of all the things with which the Allies were supplied either direct or through us was artificially raised anything up to 50 per cent., and this is a very different thing from providing, as our Government did under the Land Purchase Acts, money at a low rate of interest and on very advantageous purchase terms to enable the Irish farmers to buy out their landlords.

It may be that as you are, I suppose, opposed to private ownership in any form you consider it would be just for the Irish farmers to refuse to go on paying at all, but even that would not justify the Third Party (in this case De Valera) in taking what money was paid under the purchase agreement with the British Government, and using it for his own purposes. M. J. E. TILNEY.

The Knowles,

Hempstead Road, Watford, Herts.

[Our correspondent is at sea. Our point was that in both cases a debt, acknowledged by both parties in the past, is repudiated by the debtor and that one repudiation makes a precedent for another. We are very far from opposing "private ownership in any form." Socialism would increase the private property of the vast majority of individuals, and the more they have and the more equally they have it, the better. Socialism advocates the State ownership of the means of production, distribution of exchange, not of the personal possessions which a man needs for the enjoyment of life.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE SAAR AND THE FRANKFÜRTER

SIR,—I wonder why Herr Rudolf Kircher endeavours to point out once more what I stated myself, that there can be no safety for that part of the Saar population who agitate or vote against the reunion with Germany. He repeats what he said before in different words, that "a certain kind of people, regardless of their extraction, French or German, emigrants or separatists, will never be forgiven by a national Government because, in a decisive hour, they have taken side against their country in a criminal way." I do not know why Herr Kircher includes the very small population of French extraction among those who will never be forgiven if they stand against the Nazi Government. But this is his affair. In any case, he states once more that there will be no amnesty "for these people." His words were printed in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on June 9th. On June 3rd the German Minister for Foreign Affairs gave his declaration of guarantees which optimists may look on as a sort of amnesty for the Saar "traitors." But whether this declaration be a promise of amnesty —which is doubtful—or not, and whether Herr Kircher knew the declaration of Herr von Neurath before he wrote his letter to you or not—anyhow, there can be no doubt that Herr Kircher is right and the optimists are wrong. With or without guarantees, interpreted by the League of Nations jurists or by Nazi officials, the Saar opponents or "traitors" cannot avoid "the consequences of their attitude," as Herr Kircher has stated before and now repeats. But this they themselves know better than I, and they will not run the risk of falling into the hands of their executioners.

I must apologise for referring to the *Frankfürter Zeitung* as a Nazi paper. I should never have done so, as I believe that a National Socialist paper must be written by men of National Socialist convictions. The editors of the *Frankfürter Zeitung* are too well known from their earlier Liberal activities to be able to lay claim to following their present policy with conviction.

London, S.W.7. RUDOLF OLDEN,
Formerly of the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

SIR,—In your issue of last week there appears a letter from the present editor of the *Frankfürter Zeitung* which calls for a brief but emphatic protest.

When Herr Kircher contradicts Herr Olden so flatly by stating that his paper, mentioned above, is not in any sense a Nazi paper, he is guilty of a typical and impertinent quibble. Everybody connected with German journalism knows very well that the two great German Liberal organs, the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Frankfürter Zeitung*, after a faint exhibition of coyness, became *gleichgeschaltet* soon after Hitler assumed the reins of Government. I often contributed to both of these papers when resident in Germany, and was appalled at the way in which all the really great German journalists (I need only mention the name of Theodor Wolff) connected with either of these papers were driven into exile or a concentration camp. If these two newspapers are not to-day official party organs, as are the *Angriff* and *Völkischer Beobachter*, they are in the fullest acceptance of the expression Nazi newspapers; indeed, if they were not, they would not be tolerated for a day in Hitlerland. It seems a pity that a journaiist of international repute like Herr Olden should be thus attacked by a former colleague who chose the easier path.

Paris. GERALD HAMILTON

Miscellany

VUILLARD

THE exhibition arranged by Messrs. Tooth at their galleries in Bond Street is certainly the first "one man show" of this artist's work to be given in England, and, according to the catalogue, the first to be given anywhere; wherefore, since Vuillard is reckoned by many good judges the best painter alive, it is a considerable artistic event. It would be ridiculous, however, his first "one man show" though this may be, to present Vuillard as a comparatively unknown master. His pictures are familiar to all amateurs of modern painting who visit the Paris dealers (and what amateur of modern painting does not?), his decorations in the foyer of the Comédie des Champs Elysées are famous, and, by the way, there are three good pictures by him in the Tate. Nevertheless, since this is the first time that a representative collection of Vuillard's works has been brought together, it is perhaps proper that a critic should say something about his art in general before attempting to appreciate particular examples.

Vuillard was born in 1868, and became known in the "nineties"; also, as anyone would have expected, that preternaturally sagacious critic Maurice Denis took a hand in making him known. Already he had passed through Julian's and L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, studying under Bouguereau and Gérôme; but of this academic training scarcely a trace survives even in his early work. When first noticed, he passed for a neo-impressionist, and before the end of the century one finds his name associated with the names of Cottet, Denis, Laprade, Guillaumin, Simon Bussy, Sérusier. Later I have heard him described as an impressionist, *tout court*; but I

do not think that at any point in his career he could have been described so properly. As much as Gauguin and Van Gogh he was a descendant of Cézanne, in that it was the influence of Cézanne that liberated him—liberated him not only from official academicism but from an impressionism which, before the end of the century, was, in the hands of a second generation, becoming in its turn academic. His true affinity in these early days was, as it has been ever since, with Bonnard and Roussel. And it was natural enough, I dare say, that these three artists, delicate, subtle and unemphatic, should sometimes have been called impressionists. Imagine their pictures, in small "avant-garde" shows or in the Salon des Indépendants, hanging beside Gauguins and Van Goghs or, later, amongst the rather violent affirmations of *les Fauves*, and you will realise how the mistake arose.

Cézanne's contribution to the art of Vuillard consisted, as I have said, in liberation—liberation from that extravagant preoccupation with the wonders of science which was called "impressionism" and from those threadbare conventions which still pass for "style" in the schools. And there, I think, the influence of Cézanne, and all other influences, may be said to end, which is not, of course, to deny that if the impressionists had never existed Vuillard would have expressed himself differently. But Vuillard is an intensely personal artist; his design, for instance, which is perhaps the most characteristic thing in his art, his habit of putting the centre of his pictures in the most unlikely places, appears to be an invention of his own. It is this highly personal design of his which is most likely to puzzle visitors, I think; for the post-impressionists have accustomed us to an emphatic, easily grasped, statement, whereas Vuillard's is as elusive as design can be. Far from having the air of being imposed, it appears to grow out of the subject. An interior by Vuillard can be as secretive as a Chinese landscape. The design is there always; but you must let it reveal itself gradually: sometimes you may have to look for it.

A lady who happened to be beside me when I was looking at *Dans les fleurs* (No. 5 in this exhibition) could see nothing in it at first, could not even make out what the subject was. I was not much surprised. Until one has grasped the design of this panel, which is established by half a dozen spots of brilliant light (pale yellow blossoms) zigzagging across the picture from left to right, like sparks of golden rain from the bouquet on the extreme left, one is unaware of the lovely figure on the right. Once aware of that, you begin to notice a most beautiful puff sleeve, an exquisitely drawn ear, hair miraculously indicated; and these send your eye back across the picture to that bouquet which is its foundation, and you realise how every smallest petal and leaf falls into its place as part of a composition. In fact, Nos. 5 and 6 should be seen side by side, for they are parts of a decoration which consisted, unless I mistake, originally of four, if not six, panels. You will find the mysterious, hanging design of bright spots continued in the panel, No. 6; only here the pale flowers have taken on the air of a festoon rather than of an amateur fireworks display or a mangy comet.

Vuillard is generally most admired for his harmonies, and this, no doubt, is just. He is the subtlest harmonist in contemporary art, subtler than Bonnard, who is subtle enough. He is not afraid of strong colours and violent contrasts, but manifestly he prefers gentle tones and minute distinctions. In No. 66, *L'armoire à Glace*, we get both. In the red carpet we get a big patch of brilliant paint, while the scene reflected in the mirror is a shimmer of delicate tones in exquisite harmony. The hearth-rug, the dog, the writing lady's dress are made up of touches of perfectly related colour, as various as the tones of Nature, and more lovely. Or consider No. 12, *La Lecture*, greys, greens, rose, old gold, lilacs pale and deep, which put to shame the traders in more obvious and emphatic distinctions.

Vuillard is a poet; but his poetry is not that of his age, and falls a little strangely on modern ears. Sometimes it reminds one of Bonnard's; but Bonnard is a wit, and a satirist perhaps. Assuredly, Vuillard is as intelligent and as thoughtful as any painter alive, but I do not think his intention is satirical ever, though in writing of one so subtle and so "fin" a wise critic will prefer to be sure of nothing. Vuillard has discovered poetry in the ambience of the prosperous middle-class—not necessarily in the rich *bourgeois* themselves, but in their surroundings. And it is a mistake to suppose that the surroundings of the *bourgeoisie* are any less poetical than those of defunct empresses or the unemployed. Only, to discover their poetry, the poet needs great delicacy of perception, temperament and, above all, patience. Vuillard knows how to wait on external reality till it is in a mood to reveal itself. He never forces it, and he never forces the note. I mean he never adds a lick of that ready-made poetry which is so much at the service of more romantic and more heroic artists. The poetry of Vuillard's interiors, his still-lifes, gardens and suburban landscapes, is their own. The artist has realised and expressed it.

Human beings rarely play the leading part in Vuillard's symphonies; they fall into their places with the rest of the furniture. Yet their role is of peculiar importance, because they animate the composition. An interior by Vuillard is never a mere congeries of attractive objects; it is lived in and alive. Wherefore the position or occupation of a human figure, or the humane significance of some inanimate object, will often be the key at once to the design and the poetic import of the piece. Thus, in No. 39, *Femme cousant près d'une fenêtre*, until you have realised that the three chairs have been scrupulously arranged to stand out a little from the wall by the lady of the house, you will hardly appreciate to the full the extreme delicacy of the design or its poetic significance. It is something so apparently trivial as the relationship in space of the chairs to the wall which brings the picture to life. I know not what contemporary artist has so acute a sense of the poetry of things, or rather of the familiar objects of comfortable middle-class existence, unless it be Colette. But the mere naming of an eminent writer gives me pause. In the painting of Vuillard there is no literature in the vulgar sense, assuredly. Every picture, we have been told, tells a story. It may be so; but the stories Vuillard tells are not to be told in words.

CLIVE BELL

AN HISTORICAL PLAY

HISTORICAL? What does it matter whether Gordon Daviot's portrait of Mary Queen of Scots is historical or not, as long as her conception of Mary's character holds together and is roughly consistent with events, many of which are ambiguous and most of which are unknown to those who watch the play? It bothers me because, like others, I have my own conception of Mary. Gordon Daviot's would have exasperated Swinburne less than Mr. Maurice Baring, her latest chronicler (see *In my End is my Beginning*), but the poet would have found Miss Ffrangçon-Davies lamentably unheroic—very little trace of the woman who on the way to the field of Corrichie uttered "the wish to be a man that she might know all the hardship and all the enjoyment of a soldier's life, riding forth in jack and knapscull—the woman who long afterwards was to hold her own for two days together without help of counsel against all the array of English law and English statesmanship, armed with irrefragable evidence and supported by the resentment of a nation." Yet in one respect Swinburne would have been satisfied; there is no doubt in the dramatist's mind that it was not terror but passion that drove her to Bothwell.

> . . . Some faults the gods will give, to fetter
> Man's highest intent:
> But surely you were something better
> Than innocent!
> No maid that strays with steps unwary
> Through snares unseen,
> But one to live and die for; Mary,
> The Queen.

One of the best contemporary accounts of her is that written

by Knollys to Cecil. It is a panegyric, it enlarges (I am condensing from Swinburne) on her indifference to form and ceremony, her daring grace and openness of manner, the frankness of her desire to be avenged on her enemies, her readiness for the sake of victory to expose herself to any peril, her adoration of courage in others, her respect for valiant opponents, her contempt for cowardice in her friends, and, too, for wealth and pleasant things compared with victory. It is extremely doubtful whether such a panegyric did her service as far as the English minister was concerned. For what was to be done with such a princess? Now in the play at the New Theatre some of these traits are certainly reflected in the dialogue and in Miss Ffrangçon-Davies's acting. But the heroic tincture of such a combination of qualities is absent. It is noteworthy, however, that almost the best moment in her skilful and delightful performance was the moment when Mary shows an unmistakable flare of courage, though it takes the form of trickery—the few minutes after the murder of Rizzio when she shams an hysterical faint to avoid signing the pardon of his murderers. That was a moment of acting superbly well achieved by Miss Ffrangçon-Davies. And while I am at this point I should like to say a word of praise of Mr. George Howe's Rizzio, whose acting seems to have escaped the notice of most critics. He conveyed perfectly in that small part the sensitiveness, softness and wiliness combined with devotion which were calculated to exasperate most the hardy ruffians by whom the Queen was surrounded. The part of Bothwell is played with sound ability by Mr. Laurence Olivier, but granted a certain physical formidableness it is not a hard one to play. That of Darnley, reckless, exacting, hysterical and superficially charming, is a good deal more difficult to manage. Mr. Glen Byam Shaw's appearance is admirably suited to the part. He possesses grace and vitality, but he struck me as over-acting in the last scene of Act II, and at his best when all that was required of him was to lie, an apprehensive invalid, in bed, or in that gay return before his marriage with Mary from their expedition incognito into the streets of Edinburgh. The part of Lethington is, if we except that of Mary herself, the most striking role in the play and the one drawn by the dramatist with the most certain touch. I was not completely satisfied, however, with the mincing articulation by means of which Mr. Campbell Gullan strove to suggest an untrustworthy and cynical detachment which proved, however, much more consistent with loyalty, though it pretended to no such virtue, than the lip-service of her other councillors. The dramatist, however, has made very little of the part of the Earl of Moray, who appears on the stage a much more colourless person than he was in fact and gives Mr. Felix Aylmer scanty opportunies of making himself felt.

Practically all our pleasure in the play, with the exception of that one sinister moment, Darnley's last on earth, when the Queen has said good-night to him and Taylor is reading the Bible to him, centres upon watching Miss Ffrangçon-Davies, and her performance is of sufficient excellence, quite apart from its historical accuracy, to ensure success. Her alluring grace, her petulant assumption of dignity, her evident sensibility and response to all that is graceful and playful in manners, the fluttering and impulsive tenderness with which she clings to Bothwell as the firmest stake round which her tendrils can climb, all these elements in the part, and they are the ingredients of which it is composed, she interpreted with feeling and graceful adroitness. The play, apart from being an exhibition of Mary's character so conceived, can hardly be described as a good one. The first scene of the first Act is completely commonplace, and the play ends in a sentimental whimper, a scene in a rustic cottage where Mary has taken refuge in her flight towards England. The woman who shelters her is the girl who on her arrival at Leith in the opening scene had comforted her for her chilly and boorish reception by plucking for her the first rose of Scotland's spring. The comic relief is admirably timed, as is proved by the delight with which the audience hailed it, but not by any means of the first quality.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Argentina

One has heard it said that Argentina is a better artist than dancer; that what she does, she does exquisitely—that she has great sensitiveness, great feeling for music—but that her technical range is not extended. These criticisms (made by a professional dancer) are not likely to weigh with the dance-loving public who applauded her first recital at the Aldwych Theatre on Monday night. Her performance was enchanting in every aspect. Now it was the virtuosity of her castagnette-playing, loud as hailstones, soft as a rhythmical summer shower, or mechanical and insistent as cicadae; now it was the dancer's feet and hands, the charm of her mimicry or the supple grace with which she managed her frills and furbelows. To see her dispose her skirts was itself an experience; a heel, flying back, kicks away the frothing petticoats; her hips, perpetually balancing, keep them on the move; she dances with all her body, eyes, snapping fingers—almost as vocal as her castagnettes—and every expression of an extraordinarily mobile and vivid face. She was best in the simpler dances. The *Fire Dance* from de Falla's *El Amor Brujo*, though exceedingly and, indeed, painfully dramatic, was less memorable than *Jota Valenciana*, performed for the first time in London, or *La Carinosa*, a popular dance of the Philippine Islands. Two dances, *Madrid* 1800 (*Castilla*) and *Madrid* 1890 (*Ecos de Parranda*), demand special notice, the former having all the poetry and strangeness of a Goya portrait, the latter, in which Argentina appeared in a tightly buttoned bodice, a voluminous white head-covering and a large reddish Indian shawl, being oddly but unmistakably reminiscent, at least in certain flaunting and extravagant poses, of a pen-and-ink drawing by Constantin Guys. Luis Galve at the piano made a delightful accompanist. No doubt the secret of Argentina's power lies in her combination of subtlety, poetic sensitiveness and musical knowledge with a vitality as rich and exuberant as it is fine and direct. It is one thing to impress your charm on a lethargic audience; it is quite another to use that impression in an intelligent way.

"Comus" and "The Comedy of Errors"

The Comedy of Errors is unconvincing out of doors. It is a thin play with little character interest, and a producer's only chance of success with it is to speed it up and make every point clear. Antipholus of Ephesus (Robert Eddison) was good at Tuesday night's performance; so was Luciana (Pamela Stanley); Margaretta Scott as Adriana struck some entertaining attitudes, and the Courtezan (Iris Hoey), followed by a black page with a parasol, was amusingly seductive and mercenary. The acting on the whole lacked confidence: Ben Greet as the old man was inaudible at first; the Dromios' fooling, although tolerable, was not as funny as it can be made—even by schoolboys who act with gusto—and the ample greensward was aimlessly bridged by tripping citizens. The wide stage of the Open Air Theatre slowed down the acting, and the lovely recession of the background which added a dimension to the *Tempest* last week, defeated the convention which makes a "comedy of errors" palatable. *The Comedy of Errors* requires four walls. It is otherwise with *Comus*. Clifford Evans made the most of Comus's Circean ancestry and the sumptuous dresses and *decor* of his Rout were completely justified in their setting. The innocent Lady who tripped through the wood in white satin contrasted perfectly with the Rout, and the Brothers carried off their difficult chastity speech well, although the elder brother ought perhaps to be more boyish. There should have been a pause between the flight of Comus and the inspiration on Thyrsis's part of invoking Sabrina to free the Lady: the breaking of Comus's charm was made to seem too easy, but the lines were clearly spoken and the whole play a surprising success. There will be another opportunity of seeing *Comus* next month in the grounds of Ludlow Castle, where it was first performed 300 years ago.

A Peep Behind the Scenes

The Ballet is a subject which lends itself to melodrama. In *Precipice*, at the Savoy Theatre, Miss Frances Gregory has availed herself of its potentialities to the full. She develops the tragedy of the ageing dancer and the conflict between the corporate spirit of the ballet and the ambition of the star by means of a series of highly dramatic situations. The material is good, but the treatment embarrassingly luscious. Miss Gregory's sense of humour is small and her style worse than undistinguished. A story so rich in incident requires a more virile or a more ironic pen. Here is

neither " strong stuff " nor entertaining analysis. The author has used unsparingly the artifices of the screen. Her lovers meet on the seashore with soft music and startled cries. Her magnetic impresario is sinister without distinction; a large-town gangster perhaps, a creator of ballet certainly not. His hypnotic influence over Michaeloff, the dancer, never becomes convincing. In the departure of Michaeloff for America and his severance from the ballet organisation, Miss Gregory had a theme which, vigorously handled, might have compensated for the cloying sentimentality of the first act. But she continues to embroider in pink the purple passions. Mr. Anton Dolin, however, as the dancer, is given the opportunity to display his gymnastic skill in a lovely and terrifying swallow dive to death. Hence the title. Miss Isobel Elsom, devoted wife and backer, readjusted her smile or bit her quivering lip. It is a pity that we could not have had more dancing and less drama.

"Happy Week-end"

There is everything to recommend the new musical play at the Duke of York's. It is one of the best of its kind for years: intimate, decorative, constantly witty and not over-romantic. The theatre suits it to a nicety in size; a large stage and a distant audience would destroy its characters in a flash. It is based on a Hungarian musical play to which most of the music belonged, and two members of the original production, Magda Kun and Steve Geray, play leading parts. They are accomplished and original dancers, and in everything they do there is a faint spice of satire which far from cramping the style of the conventional romance when it occurs gives it an additional fillip. Miss Louise Browne dances well too, and so does the small but efficient chorus. The music is lively and suitable, and Mr. Dion Titheradge's lyrics are so funny and so audible that a rare thing occurs—the audience laughs at them. There is very little that could be cut with advantage, and very much that might serve as a useful lesson to many more elaborate musical shows.

The Lives of the Poor

The Embassy Theatre should again earn our gratitude. In spite of its bitter comedy and ugly theme, *Mrs. McConaghy's Money* is a most moving play. Good comic work rarely receives the serious attention it deserves, and this is peculiarly true of that mixture of astringent humour with tragic incident that is characteristic of modern Irish drama. The unrelenting clear-sightedness with which we are shown the undignified shifts by which the very poor try to live, to provide for their uncertain futures, to have a little pleasure, the comedy forced by the terrible friction of unsuited temperaments in the too-close contact of the slums, exacerbated, as they are, by worry, under-nourishment and drink, may hide from the unimaginative that this is a play of the tragic dignity of human nature. A complete lack of any sentimentalising makes the underlying patience and tenderness of Mr. Quinn's characters to each other's weaknesses, their steady realisation of something fundamentally faithful and kind below the tempers, drunkenness and wandering wits, almost unbearably poignant. In spite of uncertainties of construction and the ugliness of the way Mrs. McConaghy fails to get her money, the play became at times not a comedy of low life but a symbol of the charity and love still enduring in the deserts of poverty and marriage on the dole. The acting was a lesson in team work. Miss Maire O'Neill and her supporters gave us a wealth of unobtrusive and effective detail, and were as near perfection as one need ask. Mr. Sinclair's Mickey was a fine piece of imaginative naturalistic acting that no one should miss.

"Liebes Kommando!"

The film at the Academy is foolish but just enjoyable. It is the story of a young Italian Gräfin who masquerades as a cadet in an officers' training academy in, of course, Vienna. Apparently, as is quite credible, it is founded on fact. The trouble with the production is that it is done half-seriously, whereas it should have been either a flouncing revue, or, which would have been preferable, a thoroughly grave film. Illustrative of this is the casting of the chief part. While Fraulein Dolly Haas's head is admirably bisexual, it is too much to suppose that her brother cadets—scraggy ninnies though they be—could have remained, during three years, at ease with that voluminously perky behind. Herr Fröhlich, as the lieutenant whose puzzlement at the eerie attraction he feels for the young cadet has such a comforting finale, wears one delightful hat, and some of the scenes in the academy are chosen with considerable taste.

British Lino-cuts

The possibilities of lino-cut printing are greater than one would suppose. At the Fifth Exhibition of British lino-cuts, held at the Ward Gallery in Baker Street, besides bright conventional flower pieces and flat animal designs of the kind which gravitate to kindergartens, there are powerfully fluid animal drawings in black on white (Stanislaus Brien's *Lioness and Deer* is a good example); there are posters lagging after McKnight Kauffer in his best period; there are simple book illustrations; there are experiments in many styles. *Polperro* by Katrine Gunton is noticeable in the illustration class. So is an astonishingly good portrait, *Professor Dr. Ramel* by Lill Tschudi. *Cwm Rhonddha* by Ursula Fookes is something more than an illustration; these curved lines of factory buildings are simplified statement, but they are also aesthetically stirring. Decorations which emphasise the contrast between sunlight and shadows or reflections by wall-paper repetition are represented by *Forest Path* (C. W. Toovey), *Abbotsbury* and *Tea Under Umbrellas* (W. E. Greengrass) and *Canal, Middelburg* (Edith Lawrence); efforts to suggest movement of figures or machinery semi-geometrically are less successful, but *The Rush Hour* by Leonard Beaumont is an experiment which might be followed up. If there is little sheer beauty in the exhibition—Barbara Bonner's *Chair-o-planes* is the triumphant exception, in which movement is suggested by colour more than by repetition—there is much variety and some daring. Julia Mavrogordato bends the lino-cut to her eerie will in *Horse Show* and *In the Wood*; Eileen Mayo shows a striking cut of curvilinear acrobats; *Summer Morning* by Muriel Hare has a quality of surface decoration which is almost Chinese. There are a number of good cuts by Claude Flight, whose new book *Lino Cutting and Printing* (Batsford 3s. 6d.) is an excellent introduction to the subject for artist, teacher and parent.

The Leicester Galleries

Dame Laura Knight's sketches seem to be wearing a little thin nowadays. Honest but reminiscent, businesslike but hardly stimulating, she seems really to be almost too interested in the circus. M. Paul Poiret has abandoned the colours with which he reintroduced loudness into clothes. Obviously desiring to paint sincerely, he has produced a series of still lives, mostly on culinary subjects, which show an astonishing talent for safely palatable colour. His paint, too, is felt. It is roughish, vehement work—not unusually rewarding—but it is neither sly nor flashy. Certain of the pictures exhibited by Mr. William Nicholson display a new and agreeable direction. There are several small landscapes in which the sky, and particularly the sun, is painted in tones of silver white: these have qualities of great charm and unexpectedness. Beneath these suns, the smooth fields lie bathed in the oddest of blonde, fresh lights.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 15th—
- Lawn Tennis, Wightman Cup, Wimbledon.
- Meeting against Disaffection Bill, Fulham Town Hall, 8.
- London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Emil Kahn, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

SATURDAY, June 16th—
- Moiseiwitsch, Chopin-Liszt Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
- Physical Exercises in group formation, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
- Garden Fete, organised by the S.C.R., King Alfred School, North End Road, 3 to 8.
- Military Searchlight Tattoo, Aldershot. Also on June 19th to 23rd.

SUNDAY, June 17th—
- C. Delisle Burns on " Religion and Public Affairs," Conway Hall, 11.
- " The Devil's in the News," Grafton Theatre.
- " L'Enfant Prodigue," Westminster Theatre.

TUESDAY, June 19th—
- Miss E. M. Delafield on " A Writer's Job," 254 Earl's Court Road, 3.
- Mock Trial. (Prosecution considering Charge.) Prosecutor: Mr. Frederick Lonsdale. Defendants: Dame Sybil Thorndike, Miss Peggy Ashcroft, Miss Edith Evans and others. London School of Economics, 5.15.
- J. V. Delahaye on " Scientific Method and Social Change and a Commentary on Macmillan, Douglas and Cripps," Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 8.
- Conchita Supervia, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
- Russian Ballet, Covent Garden.
- " Village Wooing " and " The Little Man," Little Theatre.
- " A Midsummer Night's Dream," Regent's Park.

WEDNESDAY, June 20th—
- " Cleo Calling ! " Aldwych Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

All this country is really lovely. One could spend happy weeks in places like Francavilla, exploring the neighbourhood, if the most ordinary conveniences of human existence were to be found there. As it is, one is driven away from them by the lack of everything that makes life endurable.

THE reports of the loveliness, and the certainty of good company, tempted Charles and Ian to set off with those seasoned old hands, Norman Douglas and G. Orioli, through Calabria on a walking tour, the beauties and discomforts of which provide the subject of *Moving Along*, by G. Orioli (Chatto and Windus, 10s. 6d.), which is a far better book than most tourists' records and, indeed, in my opinion, ranks close after such masterpieces as Lawrence's *Sea and Sardinia* and the books of Douglas himself. Orioli is, of course, Italian, the other three are Scots, such Scots that one cannot help wishing that they had turned out in kilts or trews and that Ian had encouraged them with the pipes. Norman Douglas, like a true nomadic chieftain, was not only the oldest member of the party, but by far the toughest. Before dawn he would give them one sip of black coffee and then get his party on to the road, although Orioli complains:

It is not the slightest use trying to make me take an interest in anything before nine a.m.

Then, if they were lucky, they would reach their destination and find food and lodging before dark. If they were delayed in starting it was not easy to find a place to take them in. After one such day they reached Albidona wet through after dark and were led into a room with a brazier, one chair and a few boxes to sit on. An oil lamp was lit and brought in.

Norman said he felt quite at home here. He was really in Old Calabria now, and I could see he was enjoying it. We could sit round the brazier, he said, getting our clothes dry gradually, smoking our pipes and drinking wine. What more could anybody want? As to sleeping—damn it, if one cares to sleep, one need only rest one's elbows on one's knees and put one's head into one's hands, and there you are. Delicious! But that was not my idea of spending the night. I required a bed and, first of all, something to eat.

* * *

Orioli, though quite capable of roughing it, is, as that passage shows, by no means a spartan hero, and such vital necessities as food, drink and lodging occupy a large place in his book, which gains immensely as a result. For everybody in the world is interested in food and comfort. Sometimes he has really happy notes, such as that which records how he caught sight of a woman in Genazzano with a bucket containing

what might have been white fur or a woollen blanket. It was an entire ox-tripe, which she presently began to wash as if it were linen—by beating it against the marble basin of the fountain. As I am so fond of tripe, I could not resist running across the road and asking Filomena to get me some for luncheon.

There follows a most appetising recipe of his own invention for "Phoenician tripe," and Orioli spices his cookery with some rough and ready archaeology:

I call it Phoenician because the tripe is flavoured with saffron. Phoenicians could not live without this condiment; they took it with them on their voyages, and I daresay you might trace old Phoenician settlements like Marseilles and Cornwall by their still existing cult of saffron.

Hindus eat more saffron than any people. . . . It is very sad to realise that this fortunate discovery of the tripe occurred after Charles and Ian had left for London. For the most part, however, the references to food are pathetic. They are records which at first make comic reading, of one awful meal after another, until the reader's laughter turns to pity and he vows that nothing will ever tempt him into such country.

The dinner was a terrible failure. There was no meat to be had at that hour, so they gave us boiled rice; it was boiled into a solid mass and looked like the paste they use for sticking posters. And such a quantity of it! There was enough for ten starving people . . . it was impossible to swallow this stuff.

Next morning they had the usual tiny cup of black coffee.

They use real dolls' cups. Norman put his pipe in his mouth and pretended to grumble at us for this. "What, wanting more coffee. Some people are hard to please."

The walk was a failure as the mountain was impassable with snow, but luncheon came at last

. . . a poor affair, two boiled eggs and a primitive sort of cheese which Norman called Polyphemus cheese. It was uneatable. We should have liked some fresh *provolone*, cow's cheese, such as one can buy at Cotrone or Cosenza or in the Sila mountains, but that is not to be found hereabouts. . . .

* * *

So it goes on. At the Hotel Moderno, "which is anything but modern" with "an unpleasant malarious-looking owner"

. . . the food was uneatable, the wine undrinkable, the beds uncomfortable, the prices extortionate. For putting our shoes outside our bedroom doors, and not having them cleaned at all, we were asked to pay two lire each.

But there is not the slightest trace of bad temper in Orioli's account of these things. In the next sentence he says:

It is worth suffering these inconveniences; worth coming to San Giovanni to see the beautiful women in their costumes and the views into the foaming river Neto down below.

One never doubts it, yet the inhospitality of the place is vividly brought home. Charles is a finished epicure in London, and the rapidity with which he adapted himself to a Nebuchadnezzar-like existence is astonishing.

There was no breakfast whatever, no coffee, no bread, absolutely nothing. I was wondering how I should get to Bova Superiore on an empty stomach, when I saw from that filthy courtyard a field of broad beans enclosed within a wall. I jumped the wall and made my breakfast off those beans and also stuffed my pockets with them for Charles, who is particularly fond of them.

Raw broad beans. Charles must have been very hungry for quite a long while before he became fond of them. At ten o'clock they reached the next town and went at once to the inn.

The proprietress was greatly surprised at our request for something to eat. I have noticed that Calabrian innkeepers are often surprised if you ask them for food. Why? Do they never eat, themselves? . . . With infinite deliberation she produced a round salted cheese which smelt so horrible that none of us could eat it.

Yet one would not accuse them of being too squeamish.

* * *

Refreshed by a little wine and the smell of the cheese, they went to the *festa* where two young men were dancing in a circle of onlookers. When one youth dropped out, another took his place, but the visitors were too hungry to join in. In *Moving Along* Orioli has done more than to write the diary of a walking tour, or an account of the starvation of four gourmets. His book is full of pictures of the country and of anecdotes that one will not forget, as that of the wild eyes that he suddenly met staring at him through the high bracken on the mountain top—those of a woman who had gone wild after the shock of the Messina earthquake of 1908.

Certainly a good many cases are on record of people, notably women, who lost their wits in that catastrophe and took to living in forests or caves, on mountain-tops or even in trees.

As his publishers say on the jacket of the book, Orioli is excellent company. Very soon the reader will be longing to have made one of this party. For the enjoyment of a holiday is largely masochistic. When one is hungry and thirsty, wet through and trembling with exhaustion on the boggy mountain-side, there comes a feeling of detachment from oneself, and the icy wind and the sting of sleet on one's cheeks are a sensual delight greater than all the sherbets of Mahomed. That is why epicureans often live like stoics—until the moment when they chance on a wine like that at Palembo's tavern which extinguished the lights of the town, quenched the stars and brings *Moving Along* to a close—a most delightful book by a delightful character.

* * *

Mr. Mitchell-Henry's *Tunny Fishing* is published by Rich and Cowan. I apologise for naming the wrong publisher.

DAVID GARNETT

CHAUCER

Geoffrey Chaucer. By JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES. *Oxford University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Livingston Lowes has written an excellent book on Chaucer. He has the urbanity, the learning, the delight in poetry and human nature necessary for his subject. How rare these qualities are in Chaucerian criticism may be judged from the fact that Dryden's is still on the whole the best essay we have; and Dryden read the verse in such a way as to lose all the smoothness and half the poetry. Thanks to the scholarship of Tyrwhitt and others a merely technical misunderstanding is now impossible. But another sort of misunderstanding has taken its place.

Chaucer has become a stock figure. He is read by so few people, except for the purposes of examination, that the tradition which a natural and spontaneous enjoyment of his poetry would have kept alive hardly exists to-day; or rather it only exists at second-hand. This is due, of course, chiefly to the difficulty of Chaucer's speech (which has been much exaggerated), and to the impossibility of translating him well into modern English. We have, therefore, the false tradition of an "honest Dan Chaucer," a good old English primitive whose shrewd sense and naive poeticalness and fun we can praise with bluff condescension. He is not so much a poet as "the father of English poetry"—that puts him out of action at once. How pleasant it is for his readers to assume that they are all a great deal more subtle than he was; that he does indeed provide us with "God's plenty," but *we* must discover the beauties in his work! Time has sanctified many things—oak beams, windmills, tankards and antiquated spelling. And the spelling, as much as anything, helps this view of quaintness; linked to a modern pronunciation it gives those antique twirls, the grace-notes so prized as being "of the period." I think that most of Chaucer's *Englishness*, his attraction as a period piece, would disappear if he were read as modern French verse—which is probably as near as we can get now to hearing the sounds of the original. I am not suggesting that this is a natural way, or the best way, of reading Chaucer, but it might dispel some of the nonsense that has collected round his poetry.

The Arnold view of Chaucer—that he lacked a "high and excellent seriousness"—is really a variant of the more popular jolly primitive; in addition to the snobbery bestowed by time we have the particular snobbery of a post-Puritan Victorian England. The same judgment which would deny to *Troilus and Criseyde* and *The Canterbury Tales* the qualities of great poetry, would condemn also the "bad taste" of the Miller's and the Reeve's tales—both masterpieces of realistic comedy. ("The Miller 'tells his churlish tale in his manner,' and the less said of that manner the better."—A. W. Ward, *Chaucer*, English Men of Letters Series.)

The real test for a critic of Chaucer is not *The Canterbury Tales* but *Troilus and Criseyde*. Here the devotees of "honest Dan" fail at once; and many scholars, obsessed by the division of Chaucer's poetry into French, Italian and English periods, and intent on showing an advance towards the last, completely miss the importance of this magnificent poem. Mr. Livingston Lowes has called his chapter on *Troilus* "The Mastered Art," and that alone should be sufficient, for a discriminating reader of Chaucer, to make his book worth reading.

He gives an admirable account of the poem, its sources and construction, the subtlety of the characterisation, the skill with which Chaucer has combined a love-story as intimate as *Manon Lescaut* with the larger scene of a mediaeval Troy. In several places Mr. Lowes speaks of the "modernity" of Chaucer's creation and suggests that his method might be compared with that of the great novelists. He takes as an example the rainstorm which keeps Criseyde at her uncle's house and is responsible for her surrender, till then unlikely, to Troilus. It is perfectly true to say that in reading *Troilus and Criseyde* we think not of other narrative poems but of the novel—and the nineteenth-century novel at that! There are many ways in which Chaucer's method remains surprisingly fresh; while, for example, much of Fielding, Richardson and Sterne may seem arbitrary and obsolete. And this is not because his method is comparatively simple while theirs is complicated. The particularly "modern" elements in *Troilus and Criseyde*, I think, are these: Chaucer's realism and irony and the *sentiment* of the love-passages; the character of Pandare; the combination of individual drama and everyday fact; the use of concrete imagery, and the detachment of the author. This mixture of elements belongs essentially to the novel, as it has developed in Europe since Chaucer's time.

In many respects Chaucer has the advantage of his successors, and it is interesting to compare him with Fielding, whose *prose epic* may be regarded as the natural development of Chaucer's epic and narrative poems. That they have much in common—humour, irony, a broad and concrete view of the human character—hardly needs saying; we get more elaboration in Fielding, the analysis of motive and so on, and that is sometimes a gain; but how often, if we remember the correspondence between the two, can we not point to a passage of Fielding and say that it is *Chaucer's method run to seed*? Let me give two small examples. The mock-heroic description in Chaucer is always delightful and never more than a line or two in length: with Fielding (the battle of the Amazons) it has already become a tiresome and long-winded convention. Again, Chaucer occasionally interrupts his narrative with some personal reflection on the situation of his characters or the world in general, and it is brief and spontaneous; but Fielding—and how many other English novelists since!—expands the ten lines to a hundred, admonishing the reader, rapping the characters over the knuckles, and distilling a moral which is outside the story.

These details show, what is true in general, that the transition of the epic from verse to prose had its innate defects. It may be true even that if Chaucer had written his stories in prose he would have fallen into some of the mistakes which novelists have since made their own. Certainly there is a perfection of form in *Troilus and Criseyde*, and in some of the *Canterbury Tales*, which has not been equalled by any English novelist. And the reason of this is not so much that Chaucer was a supreme novelist as that he was a supreme poet.

Retold in prose, *Troilus and Criseyde* would be a very good story, but it would be immeasurably below Chaucer's epic. Even when we praise Chaucer we tend to forget that he is a poet. Milton, I think, has made us blind to Chaucer's excellence, and if we had never read *Paradise Lost* and submitted to the definition of "simple, sensuous and passionate" we should all have recognised long ago the greatness of a poetry which is neither sensuous nor passionate, but possesses a *clarity* that, in my opinion, is worth quite as much. The quality of Chaucer's poetry is a clarity raised, as the mathematicians say, to a power; it is a pure and subtle art in which nothing is ever blurred. He is able to say

YOU CAN
BE SURE
OF
SHELL

many different, and many more, things than Milton, because his style has an equilibrium which no diversity of subject can overbalance. Any page of Chaucer is as characteristic as the heavily Latinised page of Milton, but we can find on one page of Chaucer the Wife of Bath's monologue, on another the mishap of Chanticleer, and so on through the marvellous wealth of *The Canterbury Tales*. In *Troilus and Criseyde*, as well as the grin of Pandare, we have such verses as this :

> A nightingale upon a cedrë grene
> Under the chambrë wal ther-as she lay,
> Ful loudë song ayein the monë shene,
> Paraunter, in his briddës wise, a lay
> Of lovë which that made his hertë gay;
> Him herkned she so longe in good entente,
> That at the last the dedë slep her hente.

There must be a hundred pictures like that in English poetry but not one that attains this clear perfection.

Mr. Livingston Lowes analyses very well the apparently simple effects of Chaucer's art, and stresses the importance of what he calls Chaucer's "instinct for the concrete." Most of his quotations, as he points out, illustrate this quality, although chosen for other purposes; Chaucer *sees* whatever he describes, with the same certainty with which he catches the speaking voice.

The last two chapters of Mr. Lowes's book, in which he discusses *Troilus and Criseyde* and *The Canterbury Tales*, contain some of the best criticism of Chaucer that has appeared for many years. The whole book (200 pages) is hardly more than an introduction to Chaucer which assumes small knowledge on the part of the general reader, and yet it gives a fresh and full picture of the poet and his times—the world of knowledge into which he was born (the influence in particular of Latin and astronomy), the acquaintances at court and in business, fourteenth-century London, the amazing variety and width of Chaucer's reading. As we might expect from this critic, his discussion of Chaucer's reading and the sources of the poems are especially useful; he has even read through some of the duller treatises from which Chaucer drew a name or an image. His own scholarship is never dull for an instant. He ends by saying, "It is fairly obvious, I suppose, that I like Chaucer"; and this zest is typical of the book.

G. W. STONIER

NO SHARP, NAKED ANGLES, no savage straight lines, afflict limbs or eyes in this bedstead. It is made of pleasantly figured oak and the wood is used sympathetically, not just bullied into shape. It is modern in an English way; not moderne (with a final e), or (worse) modernistic. It's a bed for a comfortable English bedroom; it costs 75s.—three feet wide. Of course it's well made; it's made by Heal's.

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NEW NOVELS

Breakfast in Bed. By SYLVIA THOMPSON. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Wild Strawberries. By ANGELA THIRKELL. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

Eden River. By GERALD BULLETT. *Heinemann.* 5s.

Strip Jack Naked. By JOHN HAMPSON. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

In this quartette of novels the difference of sex corresponds to another difference: Miss Thompson and Mrs. Thirkell step forward frankly as entertainers. There are moments when Miss Thompson seems to kid herself that she is to be taken seriously, as when her style imitates Mrs. Woolf's; but most of the time she knows that this breakfast in bed, like any other not enforced by pain, is a matter of soft, luxurious relaxation. The scheme of her book, which entails noting what a number of people in quite different walks of life are doing and feeling at each hour throughout a foggy London day, might have entailed considerable effort on the part of her reader. But never fear, nothing will be required of you but to lie back and watch the rich Nicholsons of Smith Square, their four servants, the woman whom they might have employed as char, the husband, children and neighbour of the woman they might have employed as char, their daughter Clare, and Clare's lover, come round and round in turn, making appropriate gestures and noises. The potential char and her family provide sterling worth and pathos (little Edward Cashmore has a "frosty smile"); the upper classes provide glamour, the clash of modern sentiment with old-fashioned stodginess, and what passes here for intellect and culture. Miss Thompson's only real concern with the Cashmores is that they furnish occasion for Clare to display sensibility. The author's relief each time that it is once more the turn of Clare and Mark to be noticed is so patent that it affects the reader; but, also each time, disappointment supervenes, because it never becomes clear what all their fuss is about. Why does Clare (until the end of the book) refuse to marry Mark whom she loves, when not marrying him entails so many inconvenient lies and subterfuges? And—still more puzzling—why is Mark so anxious to marry Clare, whose chief characteristics are that she is always in debt and frequently in tears? *Breakfast in Bed* is an extremely slick and skilful essay in taking two hundred and fifty pages to say almost nothing. It has a charming dust cover.

Mrs. Thirkell is very nearly as superficial as Miss Thompson—but with the important difference that she is amusing and has no pretensions to Woolfishness or philosophy. Her book is slightly and agreeably astringent. She very much enjoys her characters, but exposes them with such detachment that no contrary movement is awakened in her reader's mind. There are old Lady Emily, in whose country house the scene of *Wild Strawberries* is set, and who says: "Agnes, dear, see if you can find the other end of my scarf and give it to me—no, not that end, I know about that one," and the bore Mr. Holt, who "entered into the fit of sulks with which he was formerly wont to subdue hostesses." There is David who, when his audition at Broadcasting House has failed, says: "Anyway, love, I don't think I was born to live here. I don't like all your gentlemen friends with their Fair Isle sweaters tucked into their flannel bags, all calling each other Lionel"; and there is a French youth whose sonnet to Agnes sticks at one line (and that the last): *Et pourtant son regard me trouble étrangement*, and who was "assailed by doubts as to whether someone else had not already written it." They are good company; and Mrs. Thirkell is, in her initial descriptions and rendering of dialogue, a witty show-woman; but she is too much inclined to reinforce these with superfluous comments which have a rather painful archness, as when she describes thoughts of Mary's as "this unmaidenly reverie." Mary, like all Mrs. Thirkell's characters, however delightful, is perfectly static; it is no use looking for development. In minor matters they are consistent and lifelike; in more important matters they are puppets, acting as their author requires. Has it ever happened that a girl in Mary's position, fascinated by a selfish, charming young man who is merely flirting, turns her love so readily and swiftly towards the dullish, suitable, golden-hearted suitor, middle-aged from her point of view? It seems ungrateful to carp when the entertainment is so good; but Mrs. Thirkell's intelligence makes one long for her to take more time, think harder, probe further, reveal more, and cause us to feel as well as to smile.

With Mr. Bullett and Mr. Hampson, we come to more serious business—with Mr. Bullett to what is perhaps the most serious

of all. He has set out to express in his version of the myth of Genesis the destiny of the human soul. In his story the Fall comes about not through serpent and the fruit—these are not mentioned—but through the relationship between Cain and Abel. The seeds of that first fratricide were sown when the advent of Abel dethroned Cain from his mother's breast, and the Fall was finally brought about by the development in Abel of possessive love. The brothers had shared the loves of their sisters Zildah and Larian in perfect amity, but when he found Kirith, Abel became fiercely determined to keep her to himself:

> She's mine, said Abel for the third time. . . . She is to me as Eve is to Adam: you shan't touch her. The flash of understanding which visited Cain's mind was a flash of darkness, and in that moment the golden age was ended.

After the murder, the story follows Cain, his two sister-wives and their children across the river, out of Eden. Upon his sense of loss and bewildered misery Cain rears a whole cult of fear and superstition, imposing it upon his tribe. Only Larian remains incompletely subjugated, obscurely remembering the golden age: and, thwarting one of Cain's cruel obsessions, and following her own impulse of selfless love, she returns unrecognised to her old parents in Eden. Questioned, she tells them: "I went by the river and came back by the mountain." In this true and simple speech lies summed up the meaning inherent in *Eden River*. Man has embodied his intuitive knowledge of perfection in myths about an age of innocence, a kingdom of god, which have never existed in time, from which he is self-exiled by what it is easiest to call egotism, and to which he feels that he might "return." He cannot return simply by putting off knowledge, but only by another long and difficult path, led by the faculty of caring intensely for something not himself. Larian returning knows things of which Eve and Adam do not dream; she is ashamed and evasive before their non-recognition; but not for that reason does she retrace her way to Cain. A world of implications is quietly and wonderfully evoked in the short scene between Larian and her parents—they so untouched by conflicts, she steeped in painful experience. Not by repudiating responsibility and experience can peace be gained, but only by acceptance of it and translation of it into wisdom; and so the story ends with Larian going back into voluntary exile.

This theme is nowhere stated in Mr. Bullett's story, which is a story, not an allegory. If I have conveyed the idea that he has written a "moral tale" I have done his book a grievous wrong. Mr. Bullett is an artist, but he is not a great artist, and so, as a work of art, *Eden River* is not quite satisfactory. The Freudian psychology of Cain's infant jealousy is perhaps rather too heavily stressed in proportion to the light, close texture of the whole; the fatal uprush of exclusive love in Abel is not accounted for, but merely stated as "a strange new notion that had taken possession of him"; and there is one painful reminiscence of Kipling in Larian's exchange with Cain: "What talk is this?" "It is good talk." But these are mere flaws in work whose consistency of tone and emphasis is on the whole admirably preserved. The passages which describe the awakening in primitive man of the imaginative speculative faculty are particularly good. Incidentally there is an interesting resemblance to some passages of Giraudoux's desert-island romance *Suzanne et le Pacifique*.

Mr. Hampson, the author of a remarkable first novel, *Saturday Night at the Greyhound*, takes us in *Strip Jack Naked* to the humble home of a Yorkshire coal-heaver turned shop-keeper. There are two sons, the strong Alf and his weak, adoring junior, Ted. When Alf is killed in an accident, Ted marries his girl, of whom he has been horribly jealous; he knows that she is pregnant, and wishes to father Alf's son. He and his wife fall in love and later have a child of their own. This plot depends for interest on life being infused into the persons, and in particular, upon the intensity of Ted's fraternal love being conveyed. We are implicitly invited to regard him as a sensitive and potentially fine creature; but unfortunately he remains until his marriage a rather snivelling masochist; and, though it is indicated that marriage brought him maturity and increased moral stature, we still do not feel that he is significant. This makes the book queerly pointless. Its ineffectiveness is mainly due to the extremely stilted and impossible manner in which the characters talk, and partly to a sort of scrappiness in the way Ted's reflections are traced. Were it not for the vivid memory of the brother-sister relationship in Mr. Hampson's first novel—were I confronted only by the sense of frustrated aim in *Strip Jack Naked*—I should say that the author was writing without the necessary command of idiom and idea. E. B. C. JONES

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INTERNMENT

Black Monastery. By ALADAR KUNCZ. *Chatto and Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d*

It is seldom that one can find oneself agreeing with the transports of publishers, but, in describing this book as a "classic of captivity," Messrs. Chatto and Windus are justified. Few more remarkable works have been produced by the late war. In 1914 Aladar Kuncz, an Hungarian student of twenty-eight years of age, was on holiday in Brittany. War was declared, and he was interned, during five years, off the coast of La Vendée; first, on the island of Noirmoutier, and, secondly, on the Ile d'Yeu. This was the central, terrible episode of his life, and he died immediately after completing his account of it, in 1931. It is painful to think that the very qualities in him which make his book valuable both as a document and a work of art were those which aggravated his ordeal. His powers of observation, his imaginative sensibility, his kindliness, the fact that he was an unusually civilised man—these things can hardly have eased his way. Many of his companions found themselves compelled to go mad; there was Uncle Sarkadi, who threw his top-hat into the river "to let out the thoughts that pressed on his head"; there was Tutschek, who collected the black-bordered letters from his wife into a huge pile, saying that he would one day give them to the man to whom they were addressed.

Among Kuncz's fellow-internees were schoolmasters, lawyers, engineers, cabinet makers, philosophers, the sons of rich business men, waiters, and a maker of ladies' white satin evening shoes. In the beginning, the social gradations were maintained. Then the endless, swamping boredom and discomfort reduced them all to a featureless unit. Finally, a continuation of the process led to a complete rearrangement of values: leaders and groups stood out once again. That this fresh combination, based though it was, in places, on unsuspected spiritual strengths, had little of Utopia may lead unwary readers to entertain disparaging thoughts anent Socialism. Let them remember that the internment camp is the microcosm of the New Socialism, not the Old. It is Fascism in embryo. The semi-military life is the same, warped by censorship, and wasted in fatigue-duties. The single difference is that the State needs more, while the prison needs less, barbed wire.

On arrival at Noirmoutier, a tumble-down dungeon uninhabited since 1871, when it had served the same purpose, the prisoners had everything to arrange for themselves. Alternately neglected and bullied by the mercenary little coward of a village mayor in charge of them, they made what provision for furniture and hygiene they could. Necessary tasks, such as the fetching of water, they parcelled out among themselves. It is later, with the mounting *ennui*, that the book becomes one beside which the craziest romances of the early nineteenth century seem merely humdrum. The simple refuge of reading even became a problem. "In the case of some books these imaginings became so vivid as actually to condense to visions. . . . I especially feared in this respect Flaubert." The cinematic and stage possibilities of this book are constantly evident. There was the night when the prisoners discovered the new Administrator, a prying disciplinarian, drunk on the parapet. He had lately caused the death of their pet dog, Lolo. One of them shouted up an accusation of drunkenness, and the rest began to laugh. Gradually, as the courtyard filled, the laughter changed to cursing, to yelled charges about stolen parcels and insanitary cells. This, in turn, "rose and culminated in one wild, seething, terrible howl in French and German and Hungarian." Subsiding, it left one old, "thin voice like a child weeping, untiringly repeating only one word—'Phalaris! Phalaris! Phalaris!' It was the elder Weiner's voice." Lolo had been his more than anyone's, and as he afterwards explained, "Phalaris was a Sicilian despot who used to burn his victims in a brazen bull."

The second half of the work deals with the Ile d'Yeu, where the conditions were worse. Here they were required to inhabit airless, underground casemates, where lack of space caused instant disputes over centimetres. "Sometimes one of us said something. He did not talk, only dropped a word or two like a fragment of some unconscious image-series: peasant-girl—strawberry—mill—milk—street: and then we would ponder over it for a long time." Kuncz succeeded in keeping his hold on reality by immersing himself in literary and philosophic speculations In the ever more fertile field of eccentricity around him, he sought evidence for the theories of which he read, for example, in Bergson. His sanity, one might say, saved itself at the cost of that of others. But the most extraordinary spectacles did not take place among the lunatics. There are no pages more fascinating than those dealing with Dr. Herz's birthday party. Dr. Herz was an elderly "ugly, bald-headed, eye-glassed, flat-nosed man," whose prison life caused him to undergo a "mysterious change." From a cross, and rather unpopular old physician, he imperceptibly blossomed into a dazzling and despotic hostess. Made up to the nines, the imperious creature would sit at his embroidery in his beribboned gun-emplacement, while "even such very pronouncedly masculine people as Däumling and Nagel bowed to him, paid him compliments, and said, 'How well you are looking to-day,' or 'That man Schuler seems to be paying you a lot of attention now'—and so on." On his birthday, after "Lights Out" and in defiance of the sentries, the ingenuity of the entire prison population was expended on the preparation of the feast, in an abandoned cellar. Ex-painters, upholsterers and musicians gave of their best: even wine was somehow smuggled in. As more and more of it was consumed, scene after scene of jealousy sprang up where, at the head of the table, sat "Dr. Herz, in a woman's evening dress. He never overstepped the bounds of good taste the whole evening. He did even more. He created a fantastic mood for us by the kind exercise of his womanhood. We had not believed that it could be true. That this witty, luxuriously beautiful woman could be sitting there among us. . . . The two theatrical hairdressers, Wachsmann and Wildner, were in no less perturbation, though they had made the wigs for the vision's bald head." The end of the party must be read to be believed. Kuncz came upon the distracted athlete Schuler, who, until shortly before, had never mentioned the doctor's name unless to revile him as an unnatural monster, sobbing his heart out on the bastion. ". . . That's why I hate that idiotic bumpkin he has chosen for himself. I could kill him." Aladar Kuncz returned home to find a ruined Hungary, a place oddly reminiscent of that from which he had come. It is understandable that he never recovered. It is less understandable that Europe is preparing its Black Monasteries again

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ADAH MENKEN

The Naked Lady, or Storm over Adah. By BERNARD FALK *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Written in a lively and popular—an almost too popular—style, Mr. Falk's book gives us an engaging account of that notorious *equestrienne* Adah Isaacs Menken, whose performance at a London circus, where she made her appearance as Mazeppa, clad in pink silk fleshings, on the back of a well-trained but spirited steed, disturbed and delighted Victorian onlookers. But Adah Menken also shone outside the circus. Among those who visited her at her hotel were Dickens and Charles Reade. During her stay in Paris, Dumas *père* was proud that this brilliant and beguiling creature should be considered his latest conquest and allowed himself to be photographed in poses that left very little doubt of their relationship. Two such photographs—of a smug Adah and a complacent novelist—serve to decorate Mr. Falk's vivacious story.

Adah Menken's affair with Swinburne was equally celebrated. Rossetti was mainly responsible for setting the scene; and Swinburne whose life up to that period had not included any experience of normal love—the idiosyncrasies of Swinburne's sexual temperament have already been explored at some length by a French critic, M. Georges Lafourcade—played his appointed part with ingenuous fervour. He, too, was photographed at the Menken's side; and a strange picture it makes—the little poet, with his great aureole of hair, his feeble chin and his faint fluffy beard, gazing down at his substantial and masculine heroine. He adored her both as a mistress and a friend. Students of sexual pathology will not find it difficult to explain the attraction of a rough-riding Amazon—incidentally, she was a cultivated woman—for the fragile poet who produced *Anactoria*. . . . Though written somewhat in the form of a *chronique scandaleuse*, *Naked Lady* adds to our knowledge of the Victorian background.

THE COUNTESS

Prison Letters of Countess Markievicz (Constance Gore-Booth), and a BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH by ESTHER ROPER; with a Preface by President DE VALERA. *Longmans.* 6*s.*

This is a memorial to a fine example of the Irish or Anglo-Irish nature. Constance Gore-Booth, after her marriage to Count Ernst Casimir Markievicz, a Polish artist in Paris, was always known in Dublin as "the Countess," but she came of a land-owning family in Sligo, and was sister to Eva Gore-Booth, well-known in Manchester and London both for her poems and her public work. William Yeats, himself the chief of Irish poets, once told me that when he knew the sisters first in Sligo they were beautiful and graceful as two young fawns. Beautiful they certainly were, full of the Irish vitality. That took different forms in them; in Constance that of passionate indignation, repeatedly driving her to rebellious protest. By word and deed she uttered her protest against the hideous misery of the poor in Dublin, and still more violently against the dominance of England over her people.

She was one for whom Tennyson's phrase "the falsehood of extremes" was itself a falsehood. In any controversy or conflict she would be in the extreme, and if any new extreme came in view, thither she would fly, and she passed through all her perilous life in a spirit of radiant joy. Condemned to death for her part in the rising of Easter Week, but reprieved by the personal intervention of Mr. Asquith, who could not want a Nurse Cavell added to Ireland's martyrs, and then imprisoned time after time—in Kilmainham, Holloway, Lewes, Aylesbury, Mountjoy, Cork—she never showed signs of yielding or lament. In Holloway, late in 1916, not long after her reprieve, she said to her sister, "Don't worry about me. Remember no one has it in his power to make me unhappy." No outward conditions or privations could touch a spirit like hers. When by her own wish I was privileged to see her in Aylesbury jail, she was marched in and placed at a safe distance, with a wardress on each side standing immovable as granite statues by Epstein, and there, with joyous enthusiasm, she poured out a torrent of patriotic sedition enough to get all a mutinous regiment shot at dawn.

Perhaps I am wrong in saying she never lamented. In Kilmainham she suffered terribly when morning after morning she heard the volleys ring out and knew that another of her friends in the rising had been executed in the prison yard. To serve up an execution every morning with breakfast was one of the worst crimes ever perpetrated by our dominant power in Ireland. As Miss Roper says in her biography, "it was a tragedy, but it was also a crime on the part of the English authorities for which both nations have had to pay in blood and tears." The murder of Francis Sheehy Skeffington, the extreme pacifist, after a sham court-martial was bad, but the execution of James Connolly, that distinguished and admirable man, was the worst of our crimes. Miss Roper writes:

> Under all other circumstances she kept gay and brave. This was absolutely the only time I ever saw her show emotion there. But she had worked for years with Connolly at Liberty Hall, and he was her friend. Also she must have known that he had been dangerously wounded, and that they had had to wait till he was well enough to be strapped on to a chair before they could take him out to shoot him. It was a ghastly story, and for a moment she was overwhelmed. Soon she drew herself up and said "Well, Ireland was free for a week."

Liberty Hall reminds me of the time, just before the Curragh mutiny, when I was there to speak on the platform with James Connolly, George Russell ("Æ.") and George Lansbury, and there I met the Countess perhaps for the first time intimately. I seldom notice dress, but I noticed that she was dressed in brilliant light blue, while with impassioned gaiety she distributed bread to the starving strikers in the passage, and Captain Jack White, son of my old C.O. in Ladysmith, with battered head and blood-stained clothes, was leading a violent riot outside along the Liffey quay, and Sheehy Skeffington, ingeminating peace, succoured the wounded and the fallen.

Perhaps the last time I was with her was on St. Patrick's Day, 1922. She was speaking from a little cart on an open space in a south-west outskirt of Dublin, and Erskine Childers was beside her, always so honest, so uncompromising, so gallant, so logical, so like the stubborn ghost that was soon to leave his distracted frame, pierced by the bullets of the people he had given his life to serve. "I am the Englishman, the damned Englishman," he began his speech. But it was not as an Englishman that he was executed, but as an Irish Republican.

It was natural that the Countess should stand on the same extremist side, and that President de Valera should write a preface

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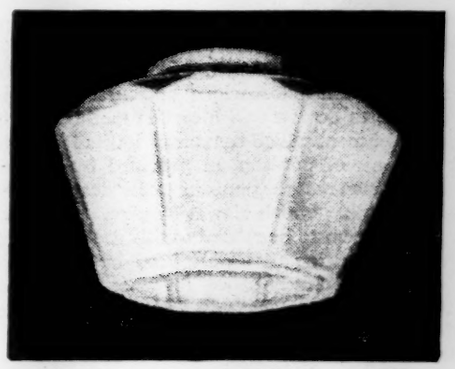

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to this book. She was a fighting rebel—sympathetic, humane, hating bloodshed, but always fighting to the last. With a childlike pleasure she once showed me the place where, as Commandant of the St. Stephen's Green district in Easter Week, she had ordered a trench to be dug right in the middle of the Green, where it could have been of no military service whatever. She took up her next position in the neighbouring College of Surgeons, which is still chipped with rifle bullets. Of course it was all very insane, but what matter? She would have said "For a week Ireland was free." When I remember her I think of Yeat's lament on the death of old John O'Leary, whom I had known while he was an exile in Paris about 1877:

> Was it for this the wild geese spread
> The grey wing upon every tide;
> For this that all that blood was shed,
> For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
> And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
> All that delirium of the brave;
> Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
> It's with O'Leary in the grave.

"All that delirium of the brave." That would stand well for the Countess, but it was for her kindliness and her generous sympathy that she was the adored heroine of all Dublin's poorest and most wretched population. HENRY W. NEVINSON

ANALYSING HUMAN MOTIVES

Men and Their Motives. By J. C. FLUGEL. *Kegan Paul.* 10s. 6d.

Some writers, when dealing with psychoanalytical questions, are apt to crowd their work with technical terms whose meaning is obscure to the uninitiated reader; others, who are less well informed, are liable to confuse the reader by too much explanation and criticism. Professor Flugel, however, has none of these faults. He appreciates fully the possible applications of modern psychoanalytical discoveries to sociology. Not only is his knowledge of the subject very complete, but he is able to explain dispassionately, in clear language, the reasons for and against the views which he puts forward. *Men and their Motives* is a series of eight essays all of which, except one, have been previously published in slightly different forms: two of the essays are by Ingeborg Flugel. In the main, the book can be said to concern the psychology of social behaviour viewed in the light of psychoanalytical discoveries.

The first essay is about the psychological factors which determine our attitude towards contraception. Professor Flugel sorts out the various motives which tend to produce feelings in our minds which are favourable or antagonistic to the neo-Malthusian doctrines; some of these ideas may seem, at first sight, to be rather far-fetched. An unconscious objection to birth control is that it threatens to do away with certain methods of satisfying the need for punishment which some individuals feel. Unwanted children are a form of punishment provided by Nature. It is sufficient for some men that the punishment be vicarious, and certain forms of male hostility, which aim at keeping the woman in her place in the home, seem to be related to this need for punishment.

Although some startling theses are brought forward, Professor Flugel, in every case, clearly shows on what evidence his statements are based. Many readers will find the essay on sexual and social sentiments the most stimulating. This concise analysis throws a flood of light on many of our social institutions which we take so much for granted. Why is there rigorous exclusion of women from men's clubs and usually no corresponding barrier to men in women's clubs, for example? Why are societies composed of men so much more frequent than similar societies composed of women?

In dealing with the problem of jealousy, Professor Flugel keeps close to Freud's ideas, formulated many years ago. When a man is jealous of a male rival, "at the more conscious level, the man is grieved because the woman of his choice has given her favours to another. At a deeper level he may be equally perturbed, because this other man has manifested love to the woman rather than to himself."

A theme which constantly recurs throughout the book is the fact that many people can only obtain the full pleasure out of sexual activities when they have obstacles to overcome. A super-rational attitude towards sex, while it avoids discord, may appear to destroy romance and beauty. The essays on Maurice Bedel's *Jerome* and on the character of Henry VIII show that subconscious preoccupation with incestuous motives determines the type of love affairs which certain men have. Such men are not satisfied with "a straightforward thing," they must have specific obstacles.

The remaining essays deal with a variety of subjects—international languages, the significance of names and fox-hunting. Evidently Professor Flugel is, personally, not unsympathetic to the international language movement, but he ruthlessly lays bare the unconscious motives which lie behind it. Similarly, when examining the ceremonials which are connected with fox-hunting, Ingeborg Flugel points out analogies with totem rites in primitive peoples, though she does not, on that account, condemn the sport. The tone of the book is altogether impartial, and it is gratifying to see that men's motives can be subjected to penetrating psychological analysis without there being any implication of moral approval or disapproval in the discussion. L. S. PENROSE

A PRIMER OF ECONOMICS

Prelude to Economics. By WILLIAM AYLOTT ORSON. *Pitman.* 5s.

The writer of an elementary book on economics has to address himself to minds occupied by a number of disordered facts and some conventional ways of looking at them. Sometimes his notion of his science drives him to seek a false simplicity by discovering an economic man, living and operating in a world of mobility, free choice and equal opportunity that has very little resemblance to the actual business world. Professor Orson (an Englishman long resident in America) has learnt by experience the folly of this abstract method of approach. His admirable book begins with an historical chapter or two in which the meaning of wealth, the rise of modern capitalism and its human implications are set forth in such wise as to confront readers with the present spectacle of an economic system that has solved the problem of production too successfully, while the problem of distribution challenges the reason and the goodwill of mankind.

Professor Orson conducts his readers through the chief processes by which "the heap of goods" is built up, shows them how the output of the different kinds of goods has been advancing during the post-war years, and how vast economies in transport have been achieved.

Not until he has fastened in the mind of readers this well-ordered scheme of economic processes does he approach the question of supply and demand operating on prices. Then follows an account of income, including wages as claims upon "the heap" made effective through monetary tokens. His account of banking under the title "Where the tickets come from" is the best simple account of the modern monetary system that I have read. Professor Orson pronounces strongly against that conception of "natural law" by which most "classical" economists seek to restrain the collective efforts of man to regulate his economic destiny. Minimum-wage laws and collective bargaining can, he thinks, do much to correct abuses, but they cannot win security and prosperity, so long as the distribution of the product is left to the struggle of capitalists to rule industry in the interest of owners. I strongly recommend this elementary text-book to teachers who are beginning to recognise that some training in citizenship should be given in the upper classes of schools and that the politics of modern citizenship is inseparable from the economics. J. A. HOBSON

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

ALTHOUGH like Mr. Thaddeus Sholto "I am partial to the French school," few English musicians appear to share my enthusiasm. English taste takes kindly to the generation represented by Debussy and Ravel, but (though it is willing to listen to Bruckner and Mahler) it shows little or no interest in the French academics, the generation represented by Fauré and d'Indy. The apathy shown towards Fauré is all the more surprising when we think of the many points he shares with Elgar. Both composers took the academic German idiom of their time and made of it something entirely individual and entirely national. But French critics can only see the academic *fond* in Elgar just as English critics can only see the conventional side of Fauré.

We should remember that the present generation of French composers look upon Fauré as being far more typical of the French tradition than Debussy, and that Darius Milhaud, the most important of the post-war Parisians, though in no way influenced by the impressionists, shows distinct traces of the influence of

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d'Indy, Fauré and Alberic Magnard. The English critics who are inclined to pass over all French music between Berlioz and Debussy would do well to listen to Fauré's Requiem recorded by the French Bach society, soloists M. Morturier and Mme. Malhory-Marsellac, conductor M. Gustave Bret (H.M.V. five 12in. D 2101–5 in album). This is not a work that bowls one over at a first hearing and indeed after Verdi's Requiem it seems untheatrical to the point of tameness. But, as one listens to it more often, one is gradually impressed by the fineness and delicacy of the workmanship, the sober proportions, the Socratic calm of the whole conception. There is no religiosity or pseudo-religious emotionalism about Fauré's Requiem, and although it is devotional in feeling, perhaps the nearest one can get to conveying its spiritual content in words is by quoting Baudelaire's famous couplet "Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, Luxe, calme et volupté." Cut out "Luxe" and "volupté" and you have the music of Fauré. The untranslatable "ordre" is what distinguishes him from César Franck and makes him a so much more important figure in the essentially classic tradition of French music. His music to Haraucourt's *Shylock* (H.M.V. two 12in. D A 4923–4, the Conservatoire Orchestra under Piero Coppola) is of less moment, but one can still admire the technical skill which gives distinction to ideas that seem conventional enough at the outset. Fauré has an odd knack of giving a twist to a conventional progression so that the most familiar chord takes on an unexpected quality. In this he foreshadows the far more complex style of Van Dieren.

Fauré's Requiem was written in 1887. D'Indy's "Symphonie sur un théme montagnard" or "Symphonie cévennole" was written in 1886. Neither can be said to be familiar to English musicians. The neglect of Fauré's Requiem is to be explained by the causes I mentioned at the beginning of this article, but it is surprising that d'Indy's symphony for orchestra and piano should not be better known. (Perhaps the solo part, though brilliantly written, is considered too orchestral by the average star pianist.) Heaven knows that d'Indy can be as dry as dust when he wants to, but this particular work shows him in his most genial and likeable vein. The cyclic form is well managed, the first movement has a fine open-air spaciousness about it, and the slow movement is charming (though a little Franckian for some tastes). But it is the rollicking finale which is the most interesting feature of the work. The deliberately popular and almost vulgar tang of the orchestration and the melodic line, the unexpected and exhilarating changes of rhythm, the use of ostinato figures, all these anticipate the post-impressionist reactions of contemporary French music and supply a direct link with Milhaud.

It is usually assumed that the rhythmic changes and rhythmic repetitions in modern French music are imported directly from Russia. There is a case, though, for making them out a native tradition.

The rhythmic changes in Ladmirault's early music (the Suite Bretonne, for example) are remarkable, and there are few more successful examples of the repeated rhythmic figure with changing harmonic background than the "Fête Foraine" in Lalo's *Namouna*. It is not often remembered that *Namouna* made almost as much a scandal in its day as the ballets of Stravinsky, and that Debussy as a student was threatened with expulsion for being seen vigorously applauding it! *Namouna* probably influenced d'Indy in the finale of his mountain symphony. This work is now recorded on Decca-Polydor (three 12in. C A 8123–5), conducted by Albert Wolff, with Jeanne-Marie Darré as the brilliantly efficient soloist. The recording is very good on the whole, but has the usual fault of "spotlighting" the soloist (a mistake even in a true concerto and doubly so in a concertante work). One or two passages on the orchestra are obscured by piano figuration.

* * *

It is some time now since anyone looked on the Elizabethan school as primitive, but we still have some difficulty in adjusting ourselves to the pre-Elizabethans. Little of their music, indeed, is known, though Peter Warlock resuscitated some fine examples, notably Turges's "In stormy windes and grievous weather."

The Nashdom Abbey Singers, a Benedictine order, have now recorded, under the direction of the Rev. Dom Anselm Hughes, some religious music of Henry VI's time, including three pieces by the monarch himself. Among the kings who have composed, Henry VI takes a high place. Less genial perhaps than Henry VIII, he is definitely more interesting than Frederick the Great and in an altogether different class from Wilhelm II. He is best in short doses, however, and I prefer the Sanctos and Benedictos to the more extended Gloria. On the same record as the Sanctus and Benedictus is a very impressive anonymous Credo (Columbia 12in. D X 582). Though this music may sound disturbingly bare at a first hearing, it is, I am convinced, a record well worth getting.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 222

Set by Ivor Brown

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an Epitaph in verse on a Dead Failure. The Failure may be either moral, social, amorous, artistic, financial, educational, or athletic.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 22nd.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 220

Set by Martin Armstrong

The beneficent tyrant of a modern State, deploring the absence of wisdom and of any but second-hand opinions in his subjects, abolishes the printing-press and the radio. Thirty years later a visitor to the States writes home to a friend a letter of not more than 250 words, describing the results of the beneficent tyrant's action. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best letters submitted.

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Report by Martin Armstrong

I asked for a trifle and received (for the most part) a boiled pudding. About half of the entries received proclaim, only too loudly, the necessity for the reforms introduced by our Dictator. As surely as the choice of a particular organ-stop, my choice of theme produced in many cases a particular tone, the effete and muffled tone of the historical text-book. Others displayed a conscientious brain; and how dull the conscientious brain can be, if not mitigated by a sparkling imagination. Myself a slave to the printed word, I set the competition with my mind on Swift, Montesquieu and Voltaire, and hoped for traces of inspired frivolity.

There were ten fairly good entries. Guy Hadley foresees the revival of country life: "left to itself the countryside encroached on the towns so rapidly that the Black Country is now famous for its cows." "The Dictator having evolved his propaganda during incarceration," writes T. S. Attlee, "had confused ignorance with originality, forgetting that all ideas are second-hand, enriched like old school-books with the marginal comments of past generations." After some hesitation I recommend William Bliss for First Prize and Molly for Second.

FIRST PRIZE

. . . But though the effect had been so beneficent in the case of the young—of those, say, under 21, at the date of the Decree—it was otherwise with those who were older. The Decree came too late for them. They had lived too long under the old regime. Such individuality of thought as they might have possessed or developed was atrophied beyond recovery. Like drug-addicts, they could not free themselves, but craved for the mental pepsin of the printing-press and the radio. . . . Many emigrated; more went into a decline and died of a kind of mental aphasia, a mortal *ennui*. Unable to think and deprived of ready-made substitutes for thought, they became what in truth they had always been, but now that all might see it, insane. Many took their own lives. . . . It was even urged upon the Dictator that emigration should be forbidden and that homes should be provided for these afflicted Elders where they could be permitted newspapers and cinemas and loud speakers. . . . He was firm, however. He permitted emigration and refused to make those who remained a burden on the State by providing homes so equipped. . . .

The final result is most happy. The young and middle-aged are, to a man, individual and intelligent. Those over sixty years of age are, for the most part, those few who even under the old regime had kept their souls alive and refused to be obsessed by newspapers or drugged by the radio. The others are departed—or dead. WILLIAM BLISS

I think this is what would happen—and I trust that you and I would be among "those few."—W. B.

SECOND PRIZE

MY DEAR SADIE,

You guessed right. There is no other country in the world quite like England. I wouldn't have missed seeing it for anything. I mean, the place is so quaint, and the people absolutely mediaeval.

We call our folks dumb for believing all they read in the press. But I look at it this way. The press does set a limit to the imagination. Here people's fancies are given free rein, and don't they just take advantage of it!

They believe anything, without exception. The fool with the longest tongue has only to stand up and shout in the market-place, and he's taken for an oracle.

The only reliable service of news belongs to the Football Association. You see, after the Ban of 1934, all the newspapers simply gave up the ghost. So the F.A. immediately set to work, and built up an intricate system whereby the results of football matches could be gathered and made public the same day. The system grew to be so efficient that the Association widened its scope, and now, in every large town, the people gather in the evening at the football ground to hear the news shouted through a megaphone.

As a consequence, the F.A. has become an all-powerful news-monopoly, and has the Government completely in its power. This is very fitting, for the average Englishman was always more interested in football than in politics, and is happy to think that now his country's affairs are in good hands.

For mercy's sake, send me a bunch of *Saturday Evening Posts*.

Yours, MOLLY

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 77.—TEN CARD GAMBLE

Smith, Brown and Robinson are playing the following simple game. The Ace to the 10 of Hearts inclusive (the Ace counting as one) are taken from a pack and shuffled and three cards are dealt to each player. The tenth card is placed face downwards on the table. Each player now puts £1 into the kitty and it is agreed that the player whose cards add up to the highest total shall take the £3 in the pool. If two or more players have equal totals, the money is shared.

Smith now looks at his hand and finds he has the 9, 6, 2. Jones, who is sitting behind him, makes a rapid calculation. "Want to sell your chance, Smith?" he enquires. "I'll give you ten bob for it."

Should Smith accept Jones's offer?

PROBLEM 75.—PLUTO'S FORMULA

Alice is 13
Beatrice is 16
Clarice is 11

i.e., $13 + 16^2 + 11^3 = (13 + 16 + 11)^2$
$= 1{,}600$

The problem can be (and has been) tackled in a number of different ways. Most solvers have used intelligent guesswork, but there are several mathematical solutions, some of them very ingenious. I particularly like those of R. A. Buckingham and M. M. Maynard.

The solution is not unique, if it is assumed that a "girl" can be of any age, and I am accepting the ages

$$\left.\begin{matrix}39\\23\\18\end{matrix}\right\}80$$

$(39 + 23^2 + 18^3 = 80^2)$

which two or three solvers have offered. I cannot, however, accept

$$\left.\begin{matrix}64\\6\\20\end{matrix}\right\}90$$

$(64 + 6^2 + 20^3 = 90^2)$

as this involves assumptions concerning Pluto's procreative powers, which are *prima facie* unreasonable.

PROBLEM 74.—APRIL'S BROOD

A set of Low's cartoons goes to Leonard Klatzow, 2 Markham Square, S.W.3.

There were sixty-nine correct and twenty-seven incorrect solutions. *Nine* points are awarded.

To Correspondents. *G. C. S.* (*Leicester*).—Your "additional solution" is inadmissible, because it involves an unwarranted assumption as to the maximum amount that can be spent at a stall. No upward limit is set in the problem. "*Charlie*."—Glad to see your entry. You are our first competitor from your part of the world. *R. M.* (*N.W.6*).—Shall we say fifteen points for your problem? Particulars of score will be forwarded. *A. B.* (*E.C.4*).—And to you, too. *B. C. W.* (*N.W.9*).—Thanks for the test paper. There is certainly an idea there. I am astonished that the question should have proved so difficult. *P. B.* (*Malta*).—Your current solution (Problem 75) is in time. In any case, extra time is allowed for all overseas entrants. "*Rigel*."—Thanks for letter. I am forwarding your selection. "*Darry*" (*Winnipeg*).—Your letter is much appreciated. *G. R. H.* (*W.2*).—And so is yours. I shall bear your suggestion in mind.

Invitation. Readers of this column are invited to attend the inaugural dinner of the Sphinx Club, which will be held on July 3rd. I shall be glad to send particulars to any who are interested.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

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PALACE. Why Not To-Night. Wed. & Th.

PHOENIX. Ten Minute Alibi. Thurs. & Sat.

PICCADILLY. Counsellor-at-Law. Tu. & Sat.

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WENSLEYDALE, near Aysgarth Falls. Guest House, suitable energetic or restful holidays. Garage, garden. Near Moors. Moderate terms.—MISS SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, near Leyburn.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR GUESTS OF DISCRIMINATING TASTE. By Ashdown Forest. 14 bedrooms (h. & c.). 7 acres grounds. Tennis, bowls, golf, riding. 38 miles London. Home comforts, home produce. Inclusive terms from 3 gns. per week. Also Service flat—double bedroom, sitting room, large bathroom.—The Clock House, Nutley, Sussex.

WEEK-ENDS AT SOUTHWOLD

SOUTHWOLD, on the Suffolk Coast, is different from the usual seaside resort, and possesses an attraction which induces visitors to return year after year. The wonderful old Church; the open "greens"; the great Common overlooking the sea and the river, are features of the Town. Across the river is the picturesque village of WALBERSWICK, the haunt of famous Artists for two generations. From here walks may be taken across heather-covered commons and silent marshes to the lost city of DUNWICH; and to BLYTHBURGH with, its cathedral-like Church; or WENHASTON, with its great medieval "Doom"; or to the beautiful villages of WESTLETON and MIDDLETON.

Southwold provides for visitors: Golf (18 holes); hard and grass Tennis Courts; Bowls; Sea Angling, or Trawling with local "Longshore" Fishermen; safe Sea Bathing; and it is a good centre for morning or afternoon motor tours through an unspoilt countryside, full of splendid village Churches and with great Castles such as Framlingham, Mettingham, Wingfield and Orford.

By road it is 105 miles from London. By train it is about a two-hour run to Saxmundham (14 miles), and a little more to Halesworth (9 miles), where motors from Hotels meet visitors by appointment.

There is the old Swan Hotel (Tel. No. 5) (h. and c. in all Bedrooms)—an old coaching house with a century's reputation for real comfort; now under the management of Miss Baker (formerly of the University Arms Hotel, Cambridge, and the Esplanade Hotel, Seaford.) There is also the smaller Crown Hotel (Tel. No. 53)—an early Georgian house—under the management of Miss Kent; and the Pier Avenue Hotel (Tel. 42), Proprietor: Mr. W. L. H. Moore. About half a mile outside the town, standing in its own grounds, is the Randolph Hotel (Tel. 13), Proprietress: Miss E. A. Trueman.

HARROGATE. The Little Guest House, 7 St. Mark's Av. Quiet, mod. Const. hot water.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W. Bd. res., near sea, town. H. & C. water in bedrooms. Tariff: Mrs. Jones, Springfield, Arthur's Hill.

TORQUAY. Howden Court. Quiet central situation. Facing south and sea. Sun lounge, garden. H. and C. A.A. Telephone: 2807.

BOURNEMOUTH FOOD REFORM GUEST HOUSE, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gdns. Everything for a restful and happy holiday. From 49s. to 70s. P.W. Write to Manager for Prospectus.

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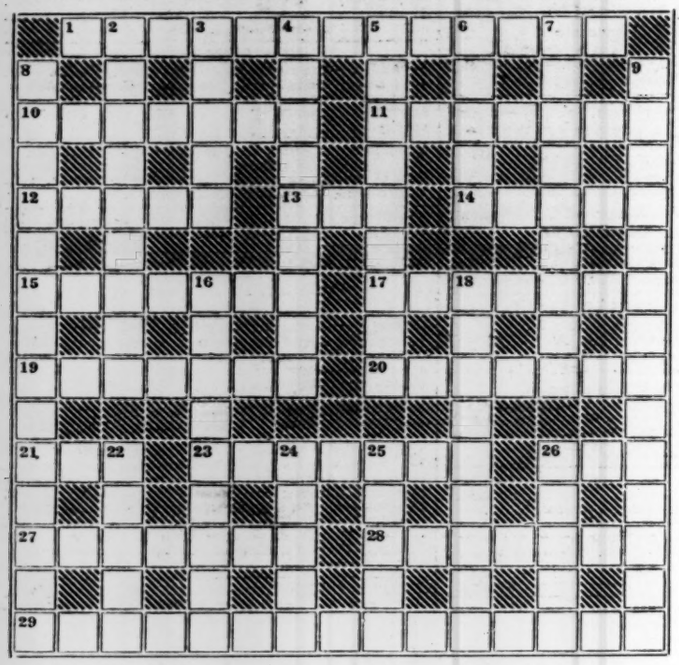
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 223

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

No correct solution has been received, and no prize therefore will be given

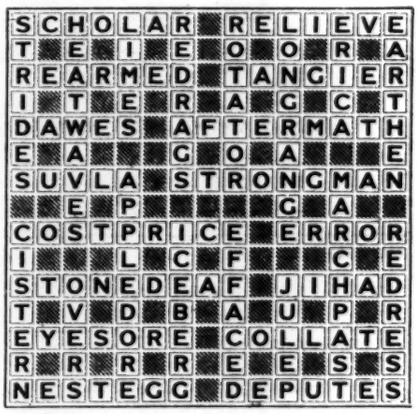
ACROSS

1. Jack took her pastry.
10. It may be in aspic.
11. Turps − 9 + h.
12. Anvil of hearing.
13. Short description of the Hog's Back.
14. Half a confection.
15. His grasshopper presides over the institution he founded.
17. 20 should do so finally.
19. Recently descriptive of Wall or Mitchell
20. Smallest submarine.
21 & 26. Tree and beast make a seminary rise out of a marsh.
23. Probable gait of an old returned 26 down.
26. See 21.
27. Leader of the Heavenly Choir.
28. Another name for banter.
29. Scored by the last hit of the tournament.

DOWN

2. Presumably nothing fails like it.
3. Belonging to an essayist.
4. Irishman who writes his end name backwards.
5. Armorial result of a long sitting?
6. "Go, and with Gouls and ——s rave;
   Till these in horror shrink away
   From spectre more accursed than they!"
7. x 3.
8. Watch repairing by the housewife?
9. Date of cometary warning.
16. Grown-up money boxes.
18. Praises me for fire worship.
22. Secluded ladies are embraced by the King.
24. End of the lace.
25. Things are made shipshape for his piping.
26. See 23.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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THE FIRST ENGLISH ATTEMPT TO PROVIDE MODERN LIVING ON A 20TH CENTURY PLAN

The LAWN ROAD FLATS (Arch. Wells Coates) fully equipped; fitted dressing rooms, beds, tables, fitted kitchen (refrigerator, etc.).

Rents include rates, central heating, hot water, cleaning and service of meals if required, from £96 to £170 p.a.

Furnished terrace flats with board, 3½–4 gns.

Send for full particulars from Isokon Ltd., LAWN ROAD FLATS, Lawn Road, London, N.W.3. Primrose 6054.

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On small Town-planned scheme set in Parklands and lawns. 3½ mins. station and 16 mins. town. High ground. Gravel soil. Only high-class ARCHITECT-designed houses allowed (£1,750 upwards). Houses now being built costing £2,000 to £4,000. Leasehold (90 years) at 88s. per foot frontage (200ft. depth) and some Freehold from £9 per foot frontage. Park Lodge Estate, Blackheath Park, S.E.3.

BLACKHEATH.—Period HOMES in the quiet seclusion of beautiful trees and lawns; well built in red brick and stone by eminent firm under Architect; extremely well placed for city men, 4 mins. station and 16 mins. Cannon Street, 18 mins. Charing Cross. Drawing and dining rooms (period bay windows and fireplaces), lounge, 4 bedrooms (built-in wardrobes in each), 2 bathrooms (tiled), cloakroom, storeroom and usual offices; central heating; parquet flooring; MODERN EQUIPMENT; "AGA" cooker; large old garden, with tennis lawn; from £1,995. Choice large old garden plots for buildings to requirements. VIEW ANY TIME.—THOMAS AND EDGE, Park Lodge, Blackheath Park, S.E.3.

LETCHWORTH, HERTS.

ECONOMICAL co-operative flats and cottages, in beautiful surroundings. Providing only the main meal of the day. Inclusive rental, plus service charges. Flats from 20s. 4d. per week, Cottages from 22s. per week. Full particulars from H. W. A. THOROGOOD, Commerce Avenue, Letchworth.

LARGE unfurnished room, use kitchen, 16s. 50 Coolhurst Road, Crouch End, N.8.

OLD HAMPSTEAD, 100 yards from Heath, perfect quiet, magnificent view over London, Commodious Maisonette, S.C., 9 rooms, £210 inclusive. MRS. MAXWELL GARNETT, 21 Well Walk, N.W.3.

FOR SALE, TO LET, &c.—continued

WEST FOLKESTONE (Sandgate). Unique houses in Spanish style. Newly built. White walls, arches and gables. Black wrought ironwork. Stone mantelpieces and staircase. Oak floors. Facing sea and few yards beach. 80 mins. Charing Cross (Folkestone Cen.). Designed by architect. Sunny drawing and dining rooms, 4 beds, kitchen (c.h.w.), bathrooms, etc., e.l. From £1,050. Smaller picturesque cottages from £500. View any time, West Lawn, the Esplanade, Sandgate, Kent.

HOLIDAY ATMOSPHERE

WELWYN'S lovely gardens and pure air recapture that Holiday Feeling all the year. 30 minutes King's Cross, perfect unspoiled country. Inexpensive sports, swimming, drama, cinema, schools. Modern 5-roomed house, with garage, £52 p.a. Others 17s. inc. to £125 p.a., or for sale £335–£1,650. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

FREEHOLD BARGAIN. House of character in green surroundings, overlooking private wooded park. On 2 floors only. Well proportioned rooms. Fitted basins. Ideal boiler. 18 mins. Charing Cross. 3 recep., 6 bedrms., and offices. £1,795 or offer. Priory Lodge, Love Lane, Eliot Vale, Blackheath.

TO LET, Aug. 15—Sept. 15, Furnished Cottage on the Ouse, 50 miles London; 4 bed, 3 reception; elect. light; h. and c. throughout; perfect bathing, canoeing, fishing, garage; 4½ guineas; write EDWARDS, 42 Eton Court, N.W.3.

TEMPLE. Barrister practising in excellent chambers (formerly those of a Labour Solicitor-General) can take one or two more practising barristers as tenants, and "put up names" of others not in practice. Beginners at Bar and those lecturing in Universities especially welcome. Good legal library and furniture. Terms moderate. BM/BHKK, London, W.C.1.

RIVERSIDE Furnished Flat, suitable 2 people. Garden, garage. 48 Upper Mall, W.6. Riverside 1330.

LADY offers exchange furnished flat in Advocates' Quarter, Edinburgh (two sitting-rooms, two bedrooms, with key to private gardens), July, August and September, for furnished cottage with modern conveniences in Home Counties village. Box 524, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

BLOOMSBURY.—Pleasant self-contained FLAT to let unfurn.; large room, kitchen, good bathroom; £85 p.a. incl. Write HILTON, 8 Guilford Place, W.C.1.

ONE of the most charming STUDIO FLATS in PARIS. Delightfully situated, fashionable Sixteenth district. SUNBATHING TERRACE, S.C. with Studio, two bedrooms, kitchen, bath, telephone, electric light, gas, etc. TO LET furnished from July 1st for two to three months. Very accessible for bus and underground. 800 francs (about £10) monthly.—MRS. LORD, 23 rue Nicolo, Paris XVI.

ART GALLERIES

PAINTINGS by FEDERICO BELTRAN-MASSES (Member of the Academies of Madrid, Barcelona and Saragossa).
R. W. S. GALLERIES, 5a Pall Mall East, S.W.1. 10–5. Admission 1s. 2d.

LITERARY

MR. ROBERT HARBOROUGH SHERARD, alias The Vindex Publishing Company, Calvi, Corsica, has the honour to make public that his two pamphlets in vindication of the late Mr. Oscar Wilde are now reissued with copious additions under the title:
OSCAR WILDE TWICE DEFENDED
by The Argus Bookshop, 333 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, U.S.A., at 75 cents post free. Together with these pamphlets, which annihilate the charges of Wilde's swindling and monstrous criminality in Algiers in 1895, is bound up Lord Alfred Douglas's letter on André Gide and *Si le Grain Ne Meurt*, as also Hugh Kingsmill's interview with Bernard Shaw. Remaining copies of original English editions of the 3 brochures can be had from Mr. Sherard, Calvi, at 1s. 7d. the 3 post free, plus facsimile of a p.c. from Mr. André Gide to the author.

SEX IN MARRIAGE (Mr. and Mrs. Groves, intro. by Dr. Harry Roberts), 6s. 5d.; AWKWARD QUESTIONS OF CHILDHOOD (T. F. Tucker and Muriel Pout), 3s. 10d.; SEX EDUCATION IN SCHOOLS (same authors), 3s. 10d.—from all Booksellers and Gerald Howe, Ltd., 23 Soho Square, W.1.

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COMPANY MEETING

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL

IMPROVED SALES.

SIR JOHN CADMAN'S ADDRESS.

The twenty-fifth ordinary general meeting of Anglo-Persian Oil Company, Ltd., was held on Tuesday at Southern House, E.C. Sir John Cadman, G.C.M.G., D.Sc. (the chairman), presiding, said:

Turning to the balance-sheet, under the headings, "British and Colonial Government Securities" and "Cash," there is a drop from last year of just over £1,800,000, but we have settled in full all past liability for royalty to the Persian Government and, in addition, we have advanced to the British Tanker Company such funds as it required for the repayment of outstanding debentures on July 1st last. In view of the ample financial resources of the company, your directors have come to the conclusion, after careful consideration, that the debenture stock of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, amounting to £4,850,000, should be repaid.

It is a disappointment that trading profits are slightly less than those of last year. So far as prices are concerned, conditions have remained unsatisfactory. In some markets a small improvement was shown, but in others prices fell, and on the average there was a slight decline. The volume of our trade, however, has increased, and if prices should improve this factor would enable us to benefit still more from the recovery. We have provided as usual for extra depreciation and debenture stock redemption reserve, and the balance available after providing for the Preference dividends has enabled us to recommend the payment of a dividend of 7½ per cent. on the Ordinary stock, the same as last year, and to increase the carry-forward by some £60,000.

Our relations with the Imperial Persian Government have been characterised by the most friendly co-operation. A spirit of true partnership in the development of the oil resources of Persia appears now to animate all those in authority.

Production has followed its normal course throughout the year, with results which have been wholly satisfactory. As you are aware, we draw our supplies of oil mainly from two fields, Masjid-i-Sulaiman and Haft Kel. The total quantity of oil obtained from these fields amounted to some seven million tons, of which five millions were extracted from Masjid-i-Sulaiman and two millions from Haft Kel. The programme of drilling to delimit the extent of the Haft Kel field continues. As a result of close investigation during 1933 of conditions there, we decided to place the field on a production basis similar to that which has been in operation for some years at Masjid-i-Sulaiman. The new arrangements have been completed and are now in operation; and we intend shortly to increase the pipeline facilities from the field. By this means a more balanced output of oil between the two fields will be obtained.

The Chairman then dealt with the company's refinery organisation in various parts of the world, and said: It has proved fully adequate to all demands; and we can congratulate ourselves that our refineries are operating at a high standard of efficiency.

The volume of our sales has increased. Prices, however, have remained at a low level. In the United Kingdom, which is our principal market, the arrangements made with the Royal Dutch-Shell group for joint marketing have proved highly beneficial. The task of uniting two separate organisations, each of a detailed character, involved much thought and sustained effort. To-day, the new company is running efficiently. Moreover, it is giving excellent service to the public at a substantial reduction in the cost of distribution. I am sure you would like me to take this opportunity of congratulating all those concerned with Shell-Mex and B.P. Limited on the fine work that has been accomplished.

The oilfields of the United States still account for over 60 per cent. of the world's production. Conditions in that country are therefore of paramount importance to our industry. A better controlled position in the U.S.A. would have a potent influence on other producing countries and would, I believe, result in materially improved conditions for our industry throughout the world.

BURDEN OF TAXATION

Petroleum products continue to be very heavily taxed. In this country, for instance, the import duty on motor spirit represents approximately half its retail price. It cannot be doubted that taxation of this order seriously interferes with the free flow of commodities. With no taxation, or with reduced amounts, our sales would inevitably increase—not by making inroads into the markets for other fuel, but by reason of the new outlets which would be opened. That increase, in turn, would provide further impulses towards a return to national prosperity.

Our prospects for the future depend upon a wide range of conditions, many of which are quite unknown. There is, for example, the future course of world trade, on which I am sure you will not expect me to prophesy. On the other hand, an all-important factor is the state of the company itself—its finance, property, material and organisation. Regarding that, I can assure you that the Board has devoted unremitting attention to the maintenance of a sound financial position and of efficiency in all departments. Moreover, as I have already told you, the extent of our business is increasing. Those are the governing facts, and the conclusion I draw from them is that we can face the future with confidence and a reasonable measure of optimism for the prospects of the company.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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With a "Summer Ticket" Scotland is only a penny a mile away from you. Travel by any train. Come back any time within a month. In many parts of Scotland you can get Holiday Contract Tickets. These entitle you to travel anywhere you like by any train in certain large areas. The price is as low as 7s. 6d. a week.

With a Penny-a-Mile Summer Return Ticket to Scotland, between places served by alternative routes you may, if you wish, travel out one way and return the other. You can stop at any station going or coming back provided the outward journey is completed within three days. Tourist Tickets available for three months—issued May to October.

The following holiday guides are obtainable from L M S or L·N·E·R offices and agencies:

L M S— "*Scottish Apartments Guide*" (3d.)

L·N·E·R— "*The Holiday Handbook*" (6d.)

L M S and L·N·E·R—the following are free:
The Land of Scott and Burns
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

AMERICAN PROSPECTS—THE BANK AND THE SLUMP IN GERMAN EXPORTS—BRAZILIAN FUNDING BONDS—OIL SHARES

EVER since the New York Stock Exchange became a sort of "public enemy," second only to the gangsters and banksters, American "equity" values have been drifting downwards in a lifeless market. I wonder whether these critical weeks will not mark the bottom of the decline. The threat of a strike in the iron, steel and tinplate industries and the uncertain fate in Congress of the Wagner Labour Disputes Bill, the Housing Bill and the Oil Bill have made everyone fearful of a collapse in the whole recovery programme. Certainly the Housing Bill—in its original, not its emasculated, form—is an essential measure, for the weakness hitherto of the American recovery programme is that it has lacked the solid base of a revival in the capital or investment industries. The Oil Bill, too, is essential for the rationalisation of the oil industry. Unless the Federal Government obtains powers to enforce restriction of oil production within the States, the increase in the "hot oil" or illegal output of East Texas, which has reached the alarming proportion of 4 per cent. of the national output, may cause a severe setback in oil prices. But when a public danger is exposed to public view, the outcome of it all is generally not as bad as people fear. Besides, the American Government has now had the benefit of receiving fairly detailed instructions from Mr. J. M. Keynes (*vide* the *Times* of June 11th). For those who are interested in market swings and roundabouts I give the following prices indices of American equity shares :—

AMERICAN EQUITY SHARE PRICES
(Figures of Standard Statistics).

	1933. Low.	1934, Feb.	Present.
351 Industrials	38.7	90.5	79.5
33 Railroads	23.9	51.4	42.9
37 Utilities	66.8	83.4	69.9
Total	40.9	82.1	71.7

* * *

The "gold bloc" currencies and the German mark are again under strong suspicion. So persistent are the denials that the German authorities are considering a 40 per cent. devaluation of the mark that there must be something in the story. Perhaps a 50 per cent. devaluation. The Reichsbank gold cover has now fallen to 3.4 per cent. and Government control of foreign trade is foreshadowed. We shall know the worst by the time this page is in print. The decline in the *European* trade of Germany is remarkable, as the following table reveals :—

	German Imports from Europe (in Millions of Rms.).	German Exports to Europe (in Millions of Rms.).
1929	7,066	9,924
1930	5,825	9,377
1931	3,763	7,778
1932	2,499	4,646
1933	2,281	3,801
1934 (1st quarter) ..	593	840

The 1933-34 slump in German exports to Europe is due partly to the unofficial boycott of German goods, partly to the German ban on the imports of foodstuffs, which has prevented the foodstuff exporting countries from buying German goods. It is interesting to observe that if a clearing house is set up for Anglo-German trade there is still a sufficient balance in favour of Germany to provide not only for the services of the Dawes and Young loans but of all other German loans held by British investors on the reduced scale payable in 1933 :—

	German Imports from Gt. Britain (in Millions of Rms.).	German Exports to Gt. Britain (in Millions of Rms.).
1929	865	1,305
1930	639	1,219
1931	453	1,134
1932	258	446
1933	238	406
1934 (1st quarter) ..	65.9	104.2

The service of all German bonds held by British citizens amounted to 100 million Rms. in 1933, but this will, of course, be increased when the mark is devalued.

Investors who would like to escape from German Government bonds at any price might consider the Funding Bonds of Brazil. Foreign exchange in Brazil is a Government monopoly, and the available supply is applied in discharging, first, the arrears of remittances allowed to commercial interests under the agreement of July, 1933 (estimated to require about £1,310,000 per annum at the current exchange rate) and, secondly, the service of the government and municipal debt provided for under the decree of February, 1934, estimated to amount to about £6,700,000. Of this debt service the first three charges (in order of priority) are the 5 per cent. Funding Bonds, 1898, which require £473,750, the 5 per cent. Funding Bonds, 1914, which require £800,000, and the 5 per cent. Funding Bonds, 20-year and 40-year, 1931, which require about £3,000,000. The Brazilian export surplus for 1933 amounted to £7,659,000, which provided adequate cover for the service of the Funding Loans. This year the export surplus has improved.

The present market prices and yields are as follows :—

Brazil :	Present Price.	Yield % (allowing for Stamp and Accrued Int.). Flat.	Redemption.	Times Service Covered.
5% Funding, 1898 ..	96	£5 5 0	£5 7 0 (to 1957)	4.3
5% Funding, 1914 ..	76	£6 12 0	£6 15 6 (to 1975)	2.9
5% 20-yr. Funding, 1931	74	£6 16 6	£7 17 6 (to 1951)	1.4
5% 40-yr. Funding, 1931	63	£8 0 6	£8 5 6 (to 1971)	1.4

* * *

I can see little attraction in the shares of the international oil distributors while the governments of all the important oil-consuming countries impose onerous taxation on refined oil products. Their revenues will, of course, rise with an increase in consumption, but, as Sir John Cadman told the shareholders of the Anglo-Persian, taxation is seriously restricting consumption. In this country the petrol tax of 8*d.* per gallon is equivalent to twice the value of the imported product. Further, the import duty on fuel oil—1*d.* per gallon—is equivalent to over £1 per ton, and has been responsible for a 33⅓ per cent. increase in the price of fuel oil to the consumer. As for the Anglo-Persian itself, it was foolish of the market to have been so carried away by the bonus generosity of Sir John Cargill and Mr. Watson as to expect a higher dividend from Sir John Cadman. It forgot the new royalty agreement which has been made with the Persian Government, which amounts to 4*s.* per ton plus 20 per cent. of any distribution in excess of 5 per cent. on the company's ordinary share capital. However satisfactory it may be to obtain friendly relations with the Persian Government, this royalty agreement is not a "bull" point for Anglo-Persian ordinary shares. However, the company is now repaying out of its cash resources its £4,850,000 5 per cent. debenture stock (callable at 105 on six months' notice). This saving is equivalent to 1.8 per cent. on the ordinary shares in a full year.

	1934. High.	Low.	Present Price.	1933. Earned%	Paid%	Div. Yield %
Shell Transport, £1	57/1	47/1	2½	8.1*	7½*	£3 0 0* / £3 17 6†
Anglo-Persian Oil ord. stk... ..	54/4	44/4	2 7/16	8.1	7½	£3 1 6

* Net. † Gross.

63,633 LIVES SAVED AT SEA

A PROUD RECORD

Founded in 1824—supported entirely by voluntary contributions—thousands of men, women and children saved from shipwreck—and never a call that goes unheeded. What prouder record than this?
Your help, too, is needed in this work—your contribution large or small.
£250,000 is required yearly. What can you afford to send?

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE EARL OF HAREWOOD, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

COMPANY MEETING

BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY LIMITED

1,025 SHOPS

144 MILLION SALES TRANSACTIONS

A NEW RECORD

The 46th Annual General Ordinary Meeting of Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday, June 7th, at Station Street, Nottingham, Lord Trent, chairman of directors, presiding over a large attendance of shareholders.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the Report and the Accounts, said that the net balance, after charging Repairs and Renewals and other items, amounted to £744,865, which was an increase of £43,412 on the previous year. This must be considered very satisfactory, as no part of the increase could be ascribed, as in other years, to any special demand for medicines on account of an epidemic.

After payment of all Preference and Preferred Ordinary Dividends and of four Quarterly Dividends of 6 per cent. less tax on Ordinary Shares, the company had a balance from the year's profits of £288,115, which, together with the balance from the previous year, amounted to £478,302. The Directors recommended the payment of a bonus of 3d. per share, free of income tax, on the Ordinary Shares, absorbing £75,000, which was the same as last year. Ordinary shareholders would also have the opportunity, if the relevant resolution were adopted, of taking up shares in a new issue on advantageous terms.

Among the financial dispositions of the year was another transfer of £30,000 to the General Staff Pension Fund, which now amounted to £402,722, 4s. 3d. The Fund was started twelve years ago, and the Directors hoped that a scheme would be in operation before the next Annual Meeting.

The Directors also recommended a transfer to the General Reserve Fund of £150,000, which will then stand at £1,650,000, and the creation of a Freehold Property Reserve Fund by an allocation of £16,017. This left £237,285 to be carried forward to next year.

Over £2,000,000 Spent in Four Years in Extensions.

In the Profit and Loss Account it would be seen that the Depreciation Charges were up considerably. A progressive policy necessarily involved the ruthless scrapping of obsolete plant, and they had always made a great point of keeping their plant absolutely up to date, and at the present time, when new inventions and new processes were constantly being made available, it was essential not to hesitate to replace out-of-date machinery by the most modern.

It had become fashionable, the Chairman said, in some circles to deplore the growth of large concerns and to suggest that they constituted an element of weakness to the country. The matter of reserve funds had an important bearing on this question. It was due to the carefully husbanded reserves of the large concerns that the depression through which they had been passing was not a good deal worse than it had been. Since 1930 the company had spent £2,147,972 on properties, fixtures and plant. This had meant that large numbers of people had been given employment by the firm, quite apart from their own 17,788 employees, an achievement only possible because the company had the funds available.

In October last the company opened its thousandth branch. By March 31st of this year there were 1,025 branches. The sales transactions during the year reached the record total of over 144,000,000. Not only had the company sold more drugs and medicines than in any previous year, but the dispensing of prescriptions had beaten all previous records.

Further Extensions.

The results achieved by the reorganisation made possible by the new works opened at Beeston last July had more than fulfilled expectations, and the Directors had decided to go ahead immediately with a further block of new buildings at Beeston in order to cope with the increased business.

The continual growth of the firm testified to an ever-increasing recognition of the quality of their service, not only by the general public, but also by the medical profession.

The splitting of the Ordinary Shares of the company into smaller dimensions had resulted in a far wider diffusion of shares throughout the country. On March 31st, 1934, the total number of Ordinary shareholders was 16,500, as compared without about 5,000 a year before.

Lord Trent then said: "I now turn to an innovation which may prove to be momentous in the history of the company and perhaps also in a far wider sphere.

Five-day Week Experiment.

"The announcement which was made a few weeks ago that we were instituting an experimental five-day week in Nottingham during the summer months without reduction of pay not unnaturally attracted a great deal of public interest. It is our belief that the data we shall obtain by this experiment will not only be of value to ourselves in determining hours of work for the future, but will throw a useful light on the whole question of workers' hours and leisure.

"It has become a tradition with our company to regard service to the public and the well-being of our workers as obligations of prime importance. This is not only good social philosophy; it is also good business from the point of view of the shareholders.

"Under present conditions something like one-sixth of the wage-earning population is permanently unemployed. This means that the purchasing power of the public as a whole falls far short of the nation's powers of production.

"The chief cause of this phenomenon is unquestionably that there is not enough money *in circulation*. As things are to-day, an extra pound in the pocket does more good to trade than two pounds in the bank.

"The proportion of machines to men has steadily increased. When you replace human beings by a machine you are doing something to reduce purchasing power.

"The only practical alternative is the gradual reduction of human working hours without a corresponding reduction in wages. This would have the effect of bringing more people into employment, giving more leisure to the individual, and increasing the general purchasing power of the community. Any practical step that we, as a firm, can take to accelerate this process is not only conferring a boon upon the workers, but is helping to enlarge the volume of purchasing power upon which the growth of our own business depends."

This, Lord Trent said, was a matter for industry itself rather than for politicians. Adjustments of this kind depended upon a variety of complicated conditions differing widely not only between industries but between departments in the same firm. Vague talk of a universal 40-hour week all over the world was indulged in only by theorists who could not have the remotest conception of the actual conditions of industry.

The welfare of wage-earners was entirely dependent upon their firm's power to sell. Wages were paid out of sales and out of nothing else. Sales were the test which must be applied all the time, and it was a test which could not be applied from Whitehall, much less from Geneva.

Additional Week's Holiday for Managers.

The company had already instituted an additional week's holiday for shop managers. This concession had meant a substantial addition to the permanent staff and was highly appreciated by the men concerned. He had little doubt that it would pay for itself.

Referring to the bonus offer of new Ordinary Shares, the Chairman said that during the past ten years all expansion had been financed out of their own resources, and it was still the policy of the Board to do this as far as was practicable. But it was desirable to maintain capital resources adequate to meet any contingency. In particular they would have to deal with the changed position which would be created by the institution of the Staff Pension Fund. The existing total of £402,722 was at present invested in the company, but in accordance with the best insurance practice, the Directors regarded it as desirable that such funds should take the form of external securities.

They had therefore decided to establish a separate fund, which would be built up by the gradual withdrawal of the necessary capital from the company. It was mainly with this consideration in mind that they had recommended an issue of 400,000 new Ordinary Shares, which would be offered to existing shareholders on the basis of one Ordinary Share for every fifteen Ordinary Shares held on May 3rd at the price of 15s. a share.

A resolution to increase the Capital by the creation of 400,000 new Ordinary Shares of 5s. each was proposed by Lord Trent, seconded by Col. F. T. Braithwaite, and carried unanimously.

On the proposition of Lord Trent, seconded by Sir Jesse Hind, the retiring Directors—Lord Mersey, Lord Woolmer, Col. F. T. Braithwaite—were re-elected.

Messrs. Sharp Parsons & Co., Chartered Accountants, Birmingham and London, were re-appointed Auditors on the motion of Mr. T. S. Ratcliffe, seconded by Mr. G. C. Bond. A special vote of thanks to the staff was accorded.